HELEN WILLS AND I—THE TRUTH AT LAST

By HELEN JACOBS

FEB. 3, 1934

Liberty

5¢

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

CAN BALBO UNSEAT MUSSOLINI?

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN, ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, and others

Tune in on ED WYNN, the Fire-Chief, Tuesday Evenings N. B. C.

NRA

a greater **TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF***

AT THE PRICE OF REGULAR GASOLINES

COPYRIGHT, 1934, THE TEXAS COMPANY

This free booklet will tell you

WHO IS YOUNGER WHO IS MORE BEAUTIFUL *at 35*

. . . the married woman ? . . . the unmarried woman ?

It's about time for somebody to say a word in defense of those women who lose their daintiness and physical charm so shortly after marriage. They have been accused too long of "letting up" in care for their beauty after the marriage knot is safely tied. That is *not* the reason. Anyone who thinks that is the reason is *wrong*. Those women have entered upon lives which are proving cruel—when they expected the reverse. They are troubled and worried. Their youth is being smothered by fear.

Who wouldn't fear poisons?

Why, *why*, WHY do some women still think that they must use poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene! There was every excuse for their mothers and grandmothers to suffer from fear of poisons, and from their effects for that matter. No other antiseptics were powerful enough in *their* day.

But women today! All of them should know *Zonite*. They should tell one another about Zonite. This modern antiseptic-germicide is far more powerful than any dilution of cresol or carbolic acid that may safely be used on human tissues. And it is as gentle as distilled water in its action.

Don't think any more of feminine hygiene with fear or worry. Zonite does not sear, or burn, or poison. Zonite is known to many people as the World War Antiseptic. *They* understand Zonite. They have seen both its power and its kindness. They acclaim it as the greatest antiseptic of all time.

Buy Zonite for feminine hygiene—and use it for dozens of other purposes. It is the antiseptic for the human body, a *personal* antiseptic.

Zonite also in solid forms

Zonite comes in bottles of three sizes, at 30¢, 60¢, and $1.00. You may also have Zonite in a semi-solid form, Zonite Suppositories. These are white, cone-like forms and provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. The Suppositories come in a box holding a dozen, at $1.00.

Have you read the much-discussed booklet, "*Facts for Women*"? If not, send coupon at once and get a copy. Women are delighted at the straightforward manner in which it treats their most troublesome problem. There is no beating around the bush. This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. Read it and give it to other women. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below. L1.42

- ☐ Facts for Women
- ☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NRA

NAME.....
(*Please print name*)

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....
(*In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.*)

FEBRUARY 3, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 5

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

ARE WE ALL SET FOR A RACE OF HUMAN RABBITS?

RUGGED individualism is under fire.

"It will no longer be a factor in American life."

So says our unusually efficient hard-working Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes.

He tells us that it means the exploitation of the weak by the strong. It is "dog eat dog" policy.

And he is right.

The law that the fittest shall survive may be laid aside for a short time, but it can never be permanently changed by individuals or by governments. A fair field and no favors is a principle that has made this country a powerful nation, and it was in the arena of rugged individualism that every great American found himself—acquired the courage and self-reliance to perform outstanding achievements.

It is the struggle in life that builds vigor of body and strength of mind. It is hardship that molds and strengthens character and gives people a sympathetic understanding, a fellow feeling for the downtrodden.

But we are going to do away with this man-killing competition, so the Secretary of the Interior tells us. We are going to acknowledge our defeat and follow the principle of defeatism. We are beaten and we know it, and we might as well acknowledge it and take our medicine.

The Secretary would like us to take all hardship out of life. He rightly extols the accomplishments of the NRA in eliminating child labor, sweatshops, noisome slums, and starvation wages. But the financial strength that has given the present government the power to accomplish such results has been built up by the rugged individualism of past generations.

When we propose to set aside the principle that the fittest shall survive, and to supplant the law of supply and demand with regulations controlled by governmental edicts, we are accepting staggering responsibilities. Even the Divine Intelligence would probably falter at such a herculean task.

Rugged individualism has built all our great business enterprises. Every citizen of real importance who has climbed to his present position through sheer merit, from the President down, owes his position in life to the struggle and sacrifice of outstanding individualism. There are few if any exceptions.

And we cannot permanently do away with this principle, no matter how much we try. We can relieve human suffering; we should be able to shame the employer of child labor; we should take care of the old folks. But if we turn out human beings like shoes in a factory, if we propose to eliminate all the hardship and suffering necessary to the evolvement of superior human characteristics, we will soon degenerate into a race of human rabbits with but little more spirit, courage, or initiative than these animals possess.

And after we have eased life's pathway, removed all sorrow and misfortune, after we have shortened hours until work is a pleasure, what will we do with our surplus leisure?

If we discard the fire and spirit and courage from the American people, what is to prevent a nation of people which still thrives on rugged individualism from taking possession of our fair land?

When we have to face such a catastrophe, then rugged courage and determination become a mighty power; and if we intend to decry the importance of this majestic force that has builded this great nation, we will doubtless degenerate into a country not unlike China.

Promises are easy when one is directing a force that has been builded for him by others. President Roosevelt has told us that he is experimenting. Already results have been achieved which indicate an intelligent directing force. But officials in business organizations, no matter how capable, cannot avoid making mistakes, and we cannot expect Washington executives to be an exception.

The officials of this administration are managing a huge business—the business of governing the United States. They are spending billions of our assets.

Will we be able to declare dividends in years to come, or will we face financial chaos? It is only the revealing future that can answer these momentous questions.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 6

Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy. $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT WINNERS

WEEK OF DECEMBER 30

$100 FIRST PRIZE
MRS. L. J. ROWLEY
Altadena, Calif.

$10 PRIZE WINNER
By Mrs. James J. Lee

TEN $10 PRIZES

June De Bella, San Jose, Calif.; Julia M. Ditchen, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. T. Fitzgerald, Ingersoll, Ont.; Pearl Hall, Acworth, Ga.; Tarleton A. Jenkins, Fort Worth, Tex.; Paul Keeton, Munising, Mich.; Mrs. James J. Lee, Narberth, Pa.; Vause W. Marshall, Burlington, W. Va.; C. L. Moffat, Winnipeg, Man.; Cable Wagner, Sidney, Ohio.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

Frances S. Adelhardt, Libertyville, Ill.; Ralph J. Ayer, Eastonville, Colo.; P. C. Baltz, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. C. B. Beard, San Antonio, Tex.; Dr. Stanley Boller, Los Angeles, Calif.; Edgar J. Bowser, Pawtucket, R. I.; Hal A. Brown, Los Angeles, Calif.; Nick Bruehl, Sherwood, Wis.; Mrs. Lee J. Carroll, San Antonio, Tex.; Mrs. Lee Carter, San Francisco, Calif.; L. S. Christison, Dishman, Wash.; Mrs. J. H. Collins, Hempstead, N. Y.; Mrs. C. B. Fletcher, San Francisco, Calif.

Fred M. Fling, Altadena, Calif.; Mrs. F. S. Gunnison, Portland, Ore.; Otto E. Hackman, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Ethelwyne Harrington, Norwich, Conn.; H. N. Hawkins, Jr., Denver, Colo.; Paul S. Hofmann, Towson, Md.; B. J. Huedepohl, San Antonio, Tex.; Dudley Johnson, Vancouver, B. C.; Tracy N. Killam, Sandy Creek, N. Y.; Jacob C. Kistinger, Maspeth, N. Y.; Ethel Legate, San Antonio, Tex.; Mrs. W. B. Lewis, Denver, Colo.; Leo O. Martin, Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. J. T. McGowan, Aiea, Oahu, T. H.; J. W. McManigal, Horton, Kan.; V. E. McNatt, Birmingham, Ala.; E. F. Owles, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. R. H. Palmateer, Oceanside, Calif.; Forrest P. Smith, Washington Court House, Ohio; H. B. Sodt, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. George F. Sperling, Hamden, Conn.; J. M. Stofan, Garfield, N. J.; Mrs. F. F. Vincent, Shreveport, La.; Hattie Wallace, Montpelier, Vt.; William B. Waters, Johnstown, Pa.; George Wishart, Belleville, Ont.; Charles L. Woody, Whiting, Ind.

WEEK OF JANUARY 7

$100 FIRST PRIZE
MRS. A. E. SANDBERG
Cincinnati, Ohio

TEN $10 PRIZES

Paul Armstrong, Denver, Colo.; J. F. Bitterman, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. C. B. Fletcher, San Francisco, Calif.; P. Gust, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Charles O. Kohl, Miami, Ariz.; Helen McKenny, Piqua, Ohio; Arthur W. Moreau, Lockport, N. Y.; Bernice L. Nearhof, Bellwood, Pa.; A. L. Sipes, Great Falls, Mont.; Edith Soper, Sanator, S. D.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

Robert L. Bowen, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Paul Bowers, Harrisonburg, Va.; Lyle Bragg, Knoxville, Ill.; Harry E. Chrisman, Scottsbluff, Neb.; John Christenson, Mandan, N. D.; Mrs. Ella H. Clarke, Clarkesville, Md.; H. H. Dixon, Macleod, Alta.; Anshelm Forslund, Port Arthur, Ont.; Mrs. John Finnegan, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. R. Frederick, Amherst, Ohio; James A. Galbraith, Minneapolis, Minn.; Robert M. Haase, Richmond, Va.; Pearl Hall, Acworth, Ga.

Ora B. Hubbard, Seward, Alaska; Winslow P. Humphrey, Elizabeth, N. J.; H. B. Husbands, Omaha, Neb.; H. A. Insinger, St. Charles, Mo.; Mrs. William Larsen, Pasadena, Calif.; Gaylord D. Legg, Evansville, Ind.; Rosa Lopez, San Roque, Cavite, P. I.; Mrs. Irwin Luther, Parkhill, Ont.; Mrs. James B. Marley, Austin, Tex.; Ernest Marks, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. E. McWilliams, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Paul P. Mitchell, Watertown, N. Y.; Corinne Moeschler, Salem, Va.

Helen Ochsner, Durango, Colo.; John N. Price, Minneapolis, Minn.; Alvin Schellenberger, Stratford, Ont.; Mrs. Henry Shaw, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. B. M. Shelton, Banning, Calif.; E. Shinner, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Carl T. Smith, Concord, N. H.; Milton W. Taylor, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mrs. Alice Valdes, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. G. F. Van Eaton, Shellbrook, Sask.; Dr. Warren T. Vaughan, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. John W. Voss, Pomona, Calif.; W. Weydemeyer, Fortine, Mont.; G. Sheldon Williams, Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Marjory

I could love you if you'd stop eating...or start using Colgate's

You are almost a very beautiful girl, Marjory.

Your hair . . . gorgeous. Your eyes, your lips—divine. Your figure—umpty-um-tum!

But darling, your teeth are dingy. And I dislike, I hate, I abhor, I positively loathe dingy teeth in women. Most men do.

You're old enough to know that everything you eat and drink stains your teeth. Not just one kind of stain, either—but SEVEN KINDS.

And don't be silly. I'm not seriously suggesting that you stop eating. But you might try Colgate's Dental Cream.

Why Colgate's?

Because, the stains on your teeth are not only hard to get off, but they differ in kind. No *one* cleansing action will remove them all. And most toothpastes have only one cleansing action.

But Colgate's, my love, has *two* actions. An emulsive action that washes away the less tenacious stains. And a polishing action that *safely* removes the others. Together, these two actions will make your teeth as dazzlingly beautiful as the rest of you.

And now, "Au Revoir." You will never get this letter, Marjory, I am going to make an advertisement of it instead. But I hope you will see the ad. And I hope you buy a tube of Colgate's.

If you do . . . we'll be going places together.

P. S. Colgate's only costs 20¢ for a large tube.

"In one evening my PHILCO took me all over the world!"

What can you hear on the short-wave channels when you seek relaxation or entertainment?

One Philadelphia PHILCO owner kept a record of one evening's "travels" with a PHILCO 16RX—and his log showed he had heard and *enjoyed* short-wave programs from London, Paris, Madrid and Berlin—from Winnipeg in Canada and Caracas in Venezuela.

Then after having listened to programs coming from stations all over the United States and Canada on the standard broadcast band—he listened through the medium of short-waves to Buenos Aires and Admiral Byrd's ship sailing through the Pacific south of Tahiti.

All these programs were heard—all the wide world covered without leaving a comfortable chair! Stations were changed—tone controlled—volume adjusted from the Control Cabinet at his elbow—while the programs came with marvelous tone from the Inclined Sounding Board in the Cabinet across the room.

$20 to $600 *All prices subject to change without notice*

PHILCO AUTO RADIO · $55

(Complete and Installed)

Listen to BOAKE CARTER *over key Columbia Stations*

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

CONTENTS

Editorial 4

Home Life Snapshot Winners 5

Can Balbo Unseat Mussolini? JOHN HEARLEY 7
A surprising revelation of the long-hidden rivalry that lies behind the Fascist hero's humiliating "exile" to Africa

The Saga of "Battleship Gertie"—*A story* FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN 12

Twenty Questions 21

Royalty, Radio, Reunion—*Movie reviews* BEVERLY HILLS 22

Helen Wills and I—The Truth at Last HELEN JACOBS 24
The new queen of tennis speaks her mind on some much-discussed questions

Word-Enigma Puzzle F. GREGORY HARTSWICK 28

To the Ladies! PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 29

The Case of the Howling Dog—*Part IV* ERLE STANLEY GARDNER 30

Doubling for the Stars RICHARD CARROLL 37
A look at Hollywood through the eyes of its loveliest death-defier

Vox Pop 40

The Bear Went After the Mountain—*A story* T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH 42

I Flew Lawrence in War-Crazed Arabia—*Part III* CAPTAIN JOHN H. NORTON as told to J. B. L. LAWRENCE 47

Transient Lady—*Part VII* OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 52

Cross Word Puzzle 59

$2,500 Presidents Contest 60

Quick-Drying—*A short short story* EDWIN RUTT 61

Cover by REVERE F. WISTEHUFF

NEXT WEEK—

THE REAL TRAGEDY OF DOUG AND MARY

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

An intimate revelation of what actually happened to the Twentieth Century's most famous romance

LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM FOR 1933

—together with seven sectional teams, representing all parts of the country, chosen by the votes of 1,508 players in ninety-one colleges

Can Balbo Unseat Mussolini?

A Surprising Revelation of the Long Hidden Rivalry that Lies Behind the Fascist Hero's Humiliating "Exile" to Africa

(Reading time: 19 minutes 30 seconds.)

ALTHOUGH each wears a mask in public, Balbo and Mussolini have long been relentless private enemies. The hero of the first mass flight across the Atlantic is politically covetous of the Duce's unlimited power. Balbo's recent Libyan humiliation is the climax of a twelve-year-old duel between the two men.

"There are five of us," d'Annunzio is reported to have said, "who would be king: the Pope, Mussolini, the king himself, Balbo, and I. We are all trying to reach the same goal by different roads: the Pope by diplomacy, Mussolini by force, the king by discretion, myself by genius, and Balbo—somewhat belatedly—by dramatics in the air."

It was an undisciplined Balbo that attached himself to Fascism in the pioneering days of 1920. When only eighteen he had entered the World War as a volunteer Alpine soldier, and he had just been mustered out with the shoulder straps of an officer. Three Italian government medals for valor had come to him. Not yet twenty-four years of age, the passions brought to the boiling point by the war still scalded him.

He did not dodge every fleshpot. But these passions found more permanent satisfaction in the revolutionary movement which a thirty-seven-year-old newspaper publisher of Milan was beginning to agitate. The fighting newspaperman's name was Mussolini. Firebrand Balbo was ready for the oil-soaked editorial fuel of Mussolini's *Popolo d'Italia:* "Down with the state in all its forms and incarnation—the bourgeois." Already the motto actuating Balbo's philosophy of life was *Basta osare!* (Enough to dare!)

At that time Mussolini was giving to Fascism a republican form and a pagan Roman content. More than willing to join physical forces with his youthful associate, he was loath to join program-making hands with him. He was jealous and instinctively fearful of "the pushing Bohemian" even at that stage. He wished him only to rattle or unsheathe, when Fascist necessity demanded, Fascism's junker sword.

"For me," proclaimed the Mussolini of those days, "revolution is not an attack of St. Vitus's dance or an unexpected fit of epilepsy. It must have force, aims, and, above all, method. In 1913, when the socialist party was already rotten, it was I who put into circulation the words which made the pulses of the big men of Italian socialism beat. 'This proletariat is in need of a bath of blood,' I said. It has had it and it lasted for three years."

The Italian people were initiated willy-nilly into the Society of Fascism. Balbo led the violence-workers. Anti-Fascist opponents soon found out that the dagger and the pistol were equally among his postwar accouterments. Throughout Italy he became known as "Bloody Balbo." The less fatal but exceedingly effective "castor-oil cure" for anti-Fascism was an afterthought from his not uninventive mind.

Personally responsible for the formation of the nation's first *Fasci* in Milan, Mussolini was determined to let no hand except his own guide the political steering wheel. He boldly christened himself "*duce*," and within two years made his word law in the greater part of Italy. During this period he brought

By JOHN HEARLEY

Mussolini. "He is aging—aging rapidly."

U. & U. News photos

every department of the black shirts, organized like the old Roman army, under his sway. The units of his command represented in large measure Italy's virile youth.

Uninvited to the front of the Mussolinian vehicle, Balbo became an unsquelchable back-seat driver. From the outset the two men intuitively saw the possibilities in the "idea of Rome" as an inspiring formula of government—Balbo, possibly, even more clearly than Mussolini. The future flyer did not hesitate to speak his mind in the great man's camp. In a 1921 speech at Milan Balbo warned the compromise-plotting Duce that "the conquest of Fascism is sacred, because it has been consecrated by the blood of hundreds upon hundreds of dead." He spoke menacingly as the active and not-to-be-gainsaid national commander of *squadri*.

A year later we again hear him speaking publicly in the same city. Now he is doubting the wisdom of the Duce's reversion to monarchical and papal tendencies, while he is diplomatically conforming to them. Taking personal issue with the none too courageous king, Victor Emmanuel, he remains adamant in the position that there must be a separate black-shirt army distinct from the royal army. In April, 1923, he oratorically celebrated the birthday of Rome before a packed house in a Milan theater. In that address he stressed "the epic-lyric spirit which animates the new Italy" and eloquently heralded "*Civis Romanus sum.*"

Balbo was a quadrumvir of the historic march on Rome in 1922. Once the Eternal City was won, Mussolini had little need for him. He significantly ignored him in selecting his first Fascist cabinet. He named himself Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Interior, and assumed suggestive jurisdiction over the country-wide police system.

Not content with this repudiation of Balbo, Mussolini ordered the disorganization of the national *squadri*. In its stead he created a national militia of whose devotion and obedience he could be more convincingly assured. He played doubly safe by officering it with regular army officers and by making Balbo only its nominal clotheshorse leader. Until 1926 the former quadrumvir gathered nothing but scanty crumbs falling from the Duce's governmental table. Such petty posts as Undersecretary for the National Economy, to which he was called in 1926, were his lot. The indignation of his well-wishers left Balbo cold, or seemingly so. He was really biding his time.

IN the spring of 1926 Balbo quietly thumbed his nose at authority, put on wings and flew. There was purposeful method in his aërial madness. Shrewdly he wangled an Undersecretaryship for Aëronautics from the superior air-minded Duce. In this way he provided governmental background and somewhat precarious financial support for his new career.

For the greater glory of Italy Balbo had been flying in dreams since he was sixteen. At that age he self-consciously wrote and published a eulogistic memorial biography of the stellar Ferrarese airman, Roberto Fabbri. Now, with the pressure of a high-powered and almost irresistible personality behind him, he literally rose from the ranks on wings. In August, 1928, he was chosen to be general of Italy's air squadron. On the 12th of September, 1929, he was made Minister of Aëronautics.

Something like appropriate recognition had come from the Duce at last. Spectacular and politically important

Mussolini triumphant, acclaimed by his Fascists.

flights, countenanced but not always prompted by the so-called dictator, had "sold" Balbo to the Italian nation. The Duce knew better than to countermand the sale.

In a previous crisis Mussolini had suffered a smarting defeat. Reluctantly yielding to Balbo's indomitable will, he had transferred General de Pinedo from an official spotlight at Rome to the Italian Embassy in far-away Buenos Aires. Innocently anticipating Balbo in a flight to the United States, this famous long-distance flyer was angrily regarded as a poacher on sacred preserves. There would be, there could be, only one god in the Italian pan-

theon of aviation! In the end, fate took Balbo's part. A crashed plane and a fiery death permanently removed the ill-starred de Pinedo from the range of Balbo's political anti-aircraft guns.

Mussolini wrote Balbo's resignation from the governernment and sent it to him for signature. Twenty-four hours passed without an answer. Thereupon the Duce instructed a secretary to learn whether Balbo had received the unambiguous communication. Balbo's reply is worthy of record.

"Tell the Duce," he said, "that I threw his letter with other scraps of paper into the wastebasket."

BALBO'S first metal cross was won in 1928 for spanning the western Mediterranean with an air brigade of sixty-one hydroplanes during a maritime maneuver. A second was added in 1929 for adventurous activities in the eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea with thirty-six bombing bimotored hydroplanes. The third was received for his broken though sensational Rome-to-Rio hop in January, 1931. Mussolini took some starch out of Balbo's stiffening Fascist conceit when he apologized to Brazil for his Air Minister's and Ambassador Cerruti's outburst of temper before a São Paulo crowd.

His flight to South America accomplished, Balbo soon projected his Northern American Odyssey. He would link both continents to Italy and advertise his own name in smoke-lettered propaganda across the skies of half the world. In December of 1929 the Italian Air Minister had appeared in the United States ostensibly as a delegate to the International Civil Aëronautic Conference at Washington. He gave no intimation of his two-way Orbetello-Chicago trip to the American reporters who in routine assignment approached him for Fascist news and Fascist views.

Certainly he was uncommunicative to the New York anti-Fascist group. A number of its members, coupling his name with the Fascist League of North America and Count Thaon de Revel, mobbed him. In fact, the opening act of Balbo upon the American stage was anything but

Balbo triumphant, welcomed to Montreal last July.

Balbo's youthfulness. "Mussolini resents it."

Acme photos

a wow. "POLICE CLUB ANTI-FASCISTS—ROUT 300 FOES OF GEN. BALBO." This is a sample newspaper headline of January 4, 1930.

During a somewhat mysterious transatlantic tour of several weeks, Italy's Air Minister contrived a thorough study and survey of American aviation and American airports. He was especially interested in our naval air station at San Diego, California. Equipped with fresh scientific and geographic knowledge, he went back to Rome and inaugurated preparations for the flight of flights. After two exacting years Balbo and a gallant company of pilots and mechanics, superbly trained and fit, were ready.

Basta osare! Enough to dare!

On a sun-favored day at the end of last June, twenty-five Savoia-Fraschini flying boats took the air at Orbetello on the Tyrrhenian Sea and prowed westward toward Chicago and the Century of Progress Exposition. "This time, Chicago—next time, round the world," was the grinning air commander's parting shot as he boarded the flagship. To its beak were nailed Balbo's colors, and conspicuously painted on the fuselage above a black star was "I. Balbo."

Forty-three days later, after a transatlantic voyage highly charged with color, Balbo and his crew were restored to Italy. A thrilled and grateful nation crowned them in a Roman triumph unprecedented in modern times. An epochal achievement had lifted a depressed world, gilded Italy, and historically canonized the brown-bearded egocentric from Ferrara. In a sky-encircling exploration he had loosened if not dislodged the Mussolinian constellation. The material costs of the conquest of 12,000 miles of air were a crippled plane, two human lives, and $500,000.

The suave Balbo deceived the poker-faced Mussolini no more than Mussolini deceived him. The Duce merely underestimated the potential height and formidable girth of his competitor. In the gamble of politics each consciously served the preliminary plays of the other. At

the same time both kept their eyes vigilantly alert for the winning trick. During the deal of diplomacy the glorified Fascist aviator has more than once been flashed under the nose of a recalcitrant foreign power. To illustrate: In April, 1929, Greece signed a treaty of alliance with Italy's hated enemy, Yugoslavia. A frightened Bulgaria quickly extended her hand in friendly greeting to the Italian government.

Several weeks later General Balbo, then Undersecretary of Aviation, led a squadron of planes to Varna in Bulgaria on an official mission of friendship. He carried the Duce's assurances of good will and support to the Bulgarian government. Nervous European chancelleries in general and the more startled Balkans in particular interpreted this event as an Italian hint for Bulgaria to retake Macedonia. Political aviation had one of its first noticeable turns as a diplomatic screw in the sensitive flesh of the international body politic.

By the same token Balbo's dramatic mass flight was something more than "good theater" in a provincial Italian show house of personal politics. It was a striking military performance. *L'Ere Nouvelle*, France's government organ, revealed that France had not ten seaplanes capable of any of the long jumps made by the Italians. Mussolini was attacked for aiming not at pacific ends or commercial victories but at war. Italy's "pose as the champion of disarmament" was ridiculed. "Why is it always France," it was asked, "that is accused of opposing world disarmament?"

A government giving such a great example of the disciplined effort and energy, wrote M. Saint-Brice in *Le Journal*, "can speak to the world with the voice of authority. . . . The results obtained by General Balbo's squadron make it easy to imagine aërial armadas crossing oceans and participating in major naval engagements in the next war."

The Balbo of today is no mere "flying fool." Some American newspapers painted him "as colorful and as natural a leader as Mussolini" during his picturesque second visit to these shores. He himself fell over backward in his outward observance of the protocol, just as he did upon his return to Italy and Rome. In every interview he gave, the United States was adequately praised and Fascism exalted. God and the Duce were mentioned in the same hushed breath. Italy's Roman Catholicism and the Pope were not neglected. The wily diplomatist voluntarily offered to pilot Pius and Mussolini from Rome to New York.

BALBO'S extraordinary reception here admittedly exceeded his expectations. Millions personally hailed him. Countless others listened to his radio broadcasts. Villages and city streets changed their name to his. Many a baby was called after him. At the World's Fair he was headdressed in feathers and made a big chief by the Indians. In the favorable Balboan atmosphere Italian foreign bonds rose in value and Nicaragua handed over her air-mail contract to Italy. A "*Viva!*" for Mussolini seldom pierced the tumultuous and widespread celebration for Balbo.

Small wonder that Balbo, suddenly becoming cock of the international walk, crowed a little. At Chicago he publicly announced that he was no longer thinking in terms of a flight around the world. "It would add little to the proof that mass flight is possible," he said in dismissing the subject. Indications are that he intended this brief announcement to be a Latin message to the absent and distant Duce; was indirectly informing him that his winged Mercury had grown into divine maturity. As a full-fledged statesman he would never leave Italy's Mount Olympus again.

In his humiliating contest with Balbo, age is psychologically and physically against the Duce. The thirty-seven-year-old former Air Minister is today the same age Mussolini was at the start of the Fascist revolution. The Duce has been the habitual and constant panegyrist of youth. In his inaugural scheme of Fascist things, he selected few graybeards to occupy high places. Again and again he characterized Italy's young as the living ferment of the Fascist present and the essential hope of the Fascist future.

MUSSOLINI resents, probably more than anything else, the corporeal and spiritual youthfulness of his debonair and jaunty rival. Worried, weary, and worn at the age of fifty, he protests, too much to be convincing, "I am too busy to grow old." The singing words of *Giovanezza:* "Youth, youth! Springtime of beauty!" have returned to mock him. Listening to Fascism's national anthem and scrutinizing Balbo, the Duce must sometimes wonder if he will not be hoist one day by his own petard.

Foreign correspondents in Italy agree that Mussolini is aging, and aging rapidly. Hard toil is taking its toll. He is grayer and balder than he was when he seized power ten years ago. His thickset figure is stouter and his eyes are tired. Few illusions are left. His family now lives with him at Rome, and as a rule he goes home to his meals. Gone are the days when he was strong enough to snatch a few mouthfuls of food between audiences in his office, and stick to his work long past midnight.

Let the Roman correspondent of the New York Times complete the sketch:

> There is a certain amount of grumbling here and there against some aspects of the Fascist régime; there is some criticism of this or that measure adopted by the government, but there are few Italians who would welcome a change in the man at the helm. . . . His popularity, however, does not prevent him from leading a solitary and friendless life. He is one of those men who inspires instinctively respect but who does not easily draw friends. He is bitterly hated by few, loved by many, and respected by every one, but nobody can claim to be on terms of familiarity with him. Even his most intimate collaborators stand in awe of him. Probably the only man he truly loved and trusted was his late brother, Arnaldo. Now he is left to brood alone on his problems.

While the United States was noisily greeting Balbo, Mussolini was inconspicuously observing his fiftieth birthday at his homestead in the little village of Predappio near Forli. His married daughter, Countess Ciano, and her baby son were in the small family group gathered around him. Obeying strict official orders, the Italian press published the bare fact of Mussolini's birthday, nothing else. The newspapers were forbidden to mention his age. Under the thumbscrew of Mussolinian censorship they were even prevented from mentioning the Duce as a grandfather and reproducing a picture of his daughter Edda's infant boy.

The Duce's official program for the air conqueror's welcome in Italy had a pertinent last-minute change.

Tripoli, one of the capitals of Italian Libya, to which Il Duce has "exiled" Balbo by sending him as governor.

U. & U. News photo

Part of Balbo's squadron at Orbetello, Italy, in readiness for its take-off for the Century of Progress Exposition.

Acme photo

Mussolini unexpectedly eliminated himself from participating in the Roman triumph arranged for the returning hero. Previously he had communicated, and already the Italian and foreign journals had printed, his intention to share in the Arch-of-Constantine and Capitoline honors. In the government and outside press attempted justification for such action appeared. Headlines and small print shoved the Duce forward as the original head and untiring shoulders of Italian aviation. Airplanes flew over Milan, dropping leaflets which read: "In 1923 Mussolini said that the Atlantic through aviation would become like our Mediterranean. . . . His forecast is a reality." In addition, on the front pages of Italian and the inside pages of American dailies, Italy's gain in public works during the decade of Mussolini's reign was painstakingly itemized and praised.

"At the Fair he was headdressed and made a big chief by the Indians."

But the Duce's ear is never far from the ground. The whispered criticism of the *piazza* and café cautioned him to restudy his original plan for a joint Roman triumph. Balbo's refusal to lead his flying circus over Rome, the "Lisbon incident," and Balbo's insistence upon landing at Fiumicino, two miles above the seaport of ancient Rome, caused Mussolini abruptly to change his mind. Another was presumptuously calling himself "the noblest Roman of them all," and the fickle laurel-bearing Romans were, for the moment at least, on the impostor's side.

Basta osare! Enough to dare!

THE temporary advantage being with him, Balbo himself had written the wireless prologue to his homecoming drama. He had vetoed the preliminary flight over Rome because of the weariness of his crew, but really because he stubbornly schemed to have the Duce bear the first tribute to him. With independent magnificence he awarded transoceanic flying decorations to his men at Lisbon before setting out for the Fiumicinian airport. There Mussolini and the crown prince and the Duke of Aosta and other dignitaries of Fascism and royalty met the banner-flying Balbo and his head-up comrades. The Air Minister, who was soon to be promoted to the Air Marshalship, had forced the mountain to come to Mohammed.

Along the famous Ostian-Roman way Balbo and his aërial legionnaires motored to Rome. The Duce was all but a back-stage figure while the king received them and they paraded beneath the lovely age-mellowed Arch of Constantine. Afterward the Duce embraced the marchers and accepted Balbo's "report," as he and his men lined up at attention on the Palatine Hill. Thousands tossed flowers in the heroes' paths. At intervals cannons boomed, church carillons played, and the traditionally silent Capitoline bell rang. In a grand finale everybody was redecorated by the unnaturally modest Duce.

When the tumult and the shouting died, Mussolini caused to be printed in *Vie dell' Aria*, Italy's foremost aviation periodical, a series of telegrams which he had sent the voyaging Balbo. These were intended to prove that he himself was largely responsible for the success of Balbo's aërial performance. The choice of routes, air strategy, and ground morale were all attributed to Mussolinian wisdom and foresight. "Now that you have definitely chosen the route via the Azores," runs a specimen dispatch, "wait patiently for a suitable day, which I, being an amateur meteorologist, foresee will not be long delayed. No impatience, no hurry. The important thing is for you to arrive safely, and I am sure you will."

BUT for Balbo the worst was yet to come! In early November Mussolini announced the reorganization of the Fascist government. The cocky Balbo was all but politically floored by a near knockout. Mussolini arbitrarily made himself head of every pivotal cabinet portfolio, including the Navy, Army, and *Air*.

The "dismissed" Air Minister—and newly appointed Air Marshal—metaphorically speaking, was sent reeling to "the colonies." To the unimportant and remote governorship of Libya.

Notwithstanding Balbo's virtual "Libyan exile," there promises to be no let-up in the active antagonism between the two men. Not without significance was Balbo's public statement that he would take a protracted Italian vacation before leaving for Africa. In Libya, for the time being, he would be out of the Duce's sight but not out of the Duce's mind.

He would leave behind him, both at home and abroad, a powerful anti-Mussolini machine. In fact such a machine had already been set up "underground," and a few of its suspected designers arrested. Indications are this "machine" will turn out with increasing acceleration fresh political patterns, each stamped with Balbo's smiling image.

Balbo had reduced Mussolini's proverbial "theory of struggle" from an international to an individual compass. According to the Duce, "struggle is at the bottom of everything, because life is full of contrasts." There are "love and hate, black and white, good and evil, and until these contrasts are balanced, struggle will always be at the root of human nature. And it is a good thing that it is so. . . . The day in which all struggle will cease will be a day of melancholy, will mean ruin."

Balbo might be groggy today, but he's too well hardened, too ostentatiously proud to be *out*. In his ears the gong for another round undoubtedly will soon be sounding.

Back on his feet, he will be defiantly ready, even though his corner be hitherto inconspicuous Libya.

THE END

The Saga of "Battleship"

Illustrations by HUBERT MATHIEU

(Reading time: 28 minutes 27 seconds.)

NOW, "Battleship Kate" was the belle of Sands Street, Brooklyn, and is fabled to have toured the world with the United States fleet under the command of Admiral Fighting Bob Evans. How Kate stowed away in the flagship, how she was cherished and protected by our brave boys in blue, and in what manner she reciprocated their kindness during that long arduous cruise are historic details known from Charleston Navy Yard to the China station. Kate's place in the annals of the fleet is secure.

But something should be done for "Battleship Gertie." Like all who follow after, Gertie has suffered from the overwhelming legend of her great sister-in-arms.

A little dust must settle on the files of Gertie's case in the Navy Department. A harsh fact here and there must soften in the mellowing process of time. Captain Hiram Buford of the U. S. S. Rhode Island will become an admiral soon; Ensign Rex Harriss will shortly be a junior lieutenant and a married man; Miss Enid Walsh will forgive Gertie eventually. Then Gertie is bound to emerge from the bitterness and petty gabble of contemporary criticism to assume her true stature.

Gertie's story, taking the long and slightly cockeyed historian's view of it, undoubtedly will begin for future generations at the moment she decided to stow away in the U. S. S. Rhode Island, first-line battleship. But, actually, it began the moment Ensign Harriss tried to propose to Miss Walsh one evening on the beach at Waikiki.

Ensign Harriss bungled the job. He had everything in his favor. The big Hawaiian moon hung so low over the ocean that a recruit taking his first lesson with a Springfield could have hit it three shots out of ten. Waikiki's surf made a brave show of dashing upon the beach. Nor was Ensign Harriss lacking in outward graces. He had broad shoulders, a nice flat stomach, curly brown hair, and a complexion many a girl had envied. Still, he blundered:

"Enid," he said, "I—uh—don't know anything about girls. Uh—the fact is—you are the first girl I—uh—ever had anything to do with. I mean seriously. I think I ought to tell you that—I've—uh—lived as clean a life as the girl—I expect—uh—hope to marry."

Miss Walsh was a girl of high ideals. She believed in the clean life herself. But there was something a little too complacent about Ensign Harriss's confession.

"That's just the trouble, Rex," she said miserably.

"Trouble?" he said stiffly. "I don't quite understand, Enid. Surely you don't mean that you—that you're not—that you haven't— Oh, of course that isn't it."

The maiden gave him a sad smile.

"Yes, Rex," she said. "It's true. I'm not good enough for you."

"The young woman made the following stateme

By FREDERICK H A

A Hilarious Tale of Trouble at Sea and That Baffling Thing Called Love

Gertie"

"I don't believe it," he said, shocked but loyal. "I know that you're absolutely—uh—pure."

She shook her head hopelessly. Although she was Irish and had a quick expressive voice and gray-green eyes of moving eloquence, she could not put her dissatisfaction into words. After all, a nice girl can't tell a nice young ensign to go and get himself a bad reputation. She didn't want him to do that, anyway. Not actually. She wanted him to be good but not goody-good.

"I'm afraid I'm just not the girl for you, Rex dear," she said, trying to be gentle, yet longing to stick him with a pin. "You're too noble."

Stricken, Ensign Harriss made the last and almost always fatal mistake.

"I still refuse to believe that you aren't—uh—just as good as I am," he said. Whereas, if he had said, "I was fibbing to you, Enid. My past hasn't been all that it should have been and I couldn't be as noble as you in a million years, but with your inspiration perhaps I—" If only he had said that! Still and all, the navy must have ensigns, and a few of them in each class are exactly like Ensign Harriss.

"Let's go back to the hotel," said Miss Walsh.

THE scene now shifts to "Battleship Gertie."

U. S. S. Rhode Island lay at anchor off Honolulu with the other battleships of her division. There had been a fleet concentration for maneuvers, and the Rhode Island's division was to depart early the next morning for San Pedro. The last boatload of bluejackets returning from shore liberty reached the ship at 10.27 P. M. A heavy winter rain was falling, and in the mist and darkness visibility was very poor. The anchor watch hurried the men aboard, but inspected liberty passes carefully. (See reports of Bluefield, J. T., Lieut., U. S. N.; and Hoopnagle, W. O., Chief Boatswain's Mate, U. S. N.; Nos. 119N-P165X57 and 119J-Z166M58 BuNav. via CinC BatFor.). Chief Hoopnagle admitted before the Court of Inquiry, however, that he did not ask the men to unbutton their peajackets or lower the collars.

There is a gap in the record at this point. The saga of "Battleship Gertie" begins again at 11.16 A. M. the next morning, with the report of Warkle, Z. B., Coxswain.

U. S. S. RHODE ISLAND

At Sea
February 19, 1933.

From Warkle, Z. B., Cox'n to Commanding Officer.

SUBJECT: Femail in reg. uniform, finding of.

At 11.16 this inst. I was proceding aft along the passageway between Storerooms 6 and 7 when I saw what looked to be a mail sailor bendeing over the scutel but and drinking water. The blous of what looked to be a mail sailor was untyed at the chest. I saw it was not

good girl, see? And I won't tell you nothing.'"

a mail sailor, but in fact a femail woman wareing the reg. uniform. I said stop hold on I want to talk to you but she run forwd to the ladder goeing topside. I ran after her but tript in some geer I was carying and fell flat. I got up and reported what I seen to Chief Mulcahey, O. P. I heard him call the Corperal of the Guard.

REMARKS: None.

Respy.

WARKLE, Z. B., Cox'n.

Followed then a great hue and cry and a search for the stowaway. It was led by Ensign Spotts, junior officer of the watch, and Marine Sergeant Whalen, corporal of the guard. The ship, forward of officers' country, was combed thoroughly. In the meantime Captain Hiram Buford had been notified by Commander McClintic, the exec, that a woman stowaway was aboard. Captain Buford did not believe it. He was a crusty bachelor and nicknamed "Hard Hiram" Buford. He had bushy gray eyebrows and walked with a slight limp. Young ensigns joining the jayo mess for the first time were informed that the Old Man got his limp when he kicked his aged grandmother in the ribs.

"Let 'em search, Mac," Captain Buford growled, "but that cox'n probably had a hangover and was seeing things." Then he returned to his favorite pastime of writing sarcastic "not approved" indorsements on his officers' applications for leaves of absence. There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, that "Hard Hiram" when a three-striper asked his captain to refuse his application for leave to attend his own wedding, and thus remained single.

Just when it appeared that "Battleship Gertie" might never be discovered, a Filipino mess boy scampered out upon the vast blank page of history. This lad reported at 12.43 P. M. that the door of an officer's room was locked from the inside, and that the officer who occupied it was standing his regular watch in the main engine room.

An excerpt from the report of Ensign Spotts seems called for at this point.

. . . after a delay of three minutes and 21 seconds, the stowaway opened the door of Ensign Reginald Harriss's room and admitted Sergeant Whalen and myself. Ensign Harriss was not in the room. The young woman was standing beside the bunk, fully clothed in an enlisted man's uniform. I judged her to be about twenty years old, well develóped—height 5 ft. 4 inches, weight about 120 lbs. She had blue eyes and dark brown hair cut in a mannish fashion. I said: "I am sorry, Miss, but it is against the Regulations of the United States Navy for a female to take passage in a battleship, or any other craft of the naval establishment. I must ask you to accompany us to Captain Buford's cabin." Sergeant Whalen made no remark at any time.

The young woman stowaway made the following statement to Sergeant Whalen and me: "I'm a good girl, see? And I won't tell you nothing." No one said anything more and I escorted the young woman to Commander McClintic's cabin. Her demeanor at all times was sober, calm, and respectful.

COMMANDER McCLINTIC, rather triumphantly, took Gert in to meet the captain.

"Hard Hiram" Buford only beetled his brows at Gert and said, "What are you doing aboard this ship, young woman?"

"Battleship Gertie" replied, "I'm a good girl, see? And I won't tell you nothing."

"What's your name?"

"Gert."

"Last name?"

"I'm a good girl, see? And I won't tell you nothing."

Captain Buford turned to his exec.

"Where was she found?"

"Why—er—in Ensign Harriss's room, sir. But I'm sure young Harriss—"

"Send for Ensign Harriss."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Ensign Harriss, disappointed in love and brooding sadly in the heat of the main engine room, was astonished to see his relief appear in the first hour of his watch. The relief said, "I relieve you, sir. You're wanted in the captain's cabin." Ensign Harriss stammered a question, but the relieving officer, who had been ruthlessly awakened from a siesta, did not know. Thus, all unaware and mystified, Ensign Harriss marched into the presence of Captain Buford.

The captain, very red in the face, was seated at his desk. Near by stood Gert, her lips compressed tightly and one hand gripping a white sailor hat.

"Mr. Harriss, do you know this young woman?"

"Know her, sir? N-no, sir."

"You are quite sure of that, Mr. Harriss?"

"Q-quite s-sure, sir."

"And you have no idea what she was doing in your room?"

"In my room, sir?"

"Yes, in your room."

The young officer looked—a glance of horror—at "Battleship Gertie." She was standing there unconcernedly chewing gum and staring out a port above the captain's head.

"I NEVER saw her before, sir, and I certainly don't know what she was doing in my room. She was not there last night or this morning, sir."

Captain Buford eyed him sternly and noncommittally. The credo of "Hard Hiram's" life had always been: "When anything goes wrong, some one has to get hung."

"You will be confined to your quarters for the time being, Mr. Harriss," he said. "We are going to the bottom of this."

"But, sir, on my word of honor—"

"That will be all, Mr. Harriss."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The captain turned to Gertie.

"Now, then," he snapped, "I want the truth!"

"I'm a good girl, see? And I won't tell you nothing."

"Battleship Gertie" was held strictly incommunicado in the captain's cabin. The only fact that trickled out was the identification of Gertie's uniform as the property of one Dogglesby, H. D., seaman second, listed as "missing in Honolulu." But no one aboard the Rhode Island doubted that a titanic struggle was in progress in the captain's cabin. Yeoman Mackey, the captain's writer and a privileged fellow, reported: "Is he sore! Jese! I bet he has that gal confessin' everything she ever done!"

Yet there were those who wondered if "Hard Hiram" had not met his match. For Gertie began to increase in comeliness and sinister charm. Cox'n Warkle held forth in the forecastle: "I seen her first. She ain't no ordinary dame. She looked kinda Eyetalian to me, or maybe Russky. She had a big diamint on her finger. A high-class dame, see?" And Sergeant Whalen told it to the marines: "She's a Svenska wit' her hair dyed black. Got it all over Garbo for looks. It's gonna be tough on Harriss. Looks like to me she's made a fool outa him. Not that I blame the poor guy, even if he is a sailor. She gimme the eye just oncet—aw, aw, I says, you stick to your marriage vows!"

Ensign Harriss, confined to his room, was too stunned by events to reflect upon probable consequences. He told himself that he did not much care, anyway. Life without Enid Walsh was not worth living. Little did Ensign Harriss realize the change he was at that moment undergoing in the opinion of his brother officers.

Commander McClintic said to Holy Joe Bowers, the chaplain, "I can't believe it of Harriss. Not the sort, you know. In fact, I always considered Harriss too goody-goody to look at a girl." And Holy Joe Bowers agreed stoutly, "It was just a coincidence—her running into his room to hide. I'd swear by young Harriss." But among the younger officers there was no such faith. As Lieutenant Howson observed to Lieutenant Briscoe, "I never knew it to fail. Harriss was too good to be true. He wasn't human. Those kind always end up in a jam like this." And Ensign Loring said to Ensign Jones, "What do you think of Rex Harriss now? What a man! Too bad about the girl, though. I understand she's some silly débutante who lost her head when he gave her the gate."

Within half an hour *(Continued on page seventeen)*

Eddie Woods, Champion Cowboy, *says:*
"To have nerves that can take it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all but Camels are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness, and I like their taste better. Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I smoke one after another."

Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter,
Montclair, N. J., *says:*
"I don't doubt but what it takes healthy nerves to ride an outlaw horse! But any woman who is a home maker will agree with me that shopping, cooking, cleaning, washing, and tending to all the other duties of running a household are enough to jangle *anybody's* nerves. I know that I have to be careful in choosing *my* cigarettes. I am a confirmed Camel smoker because I can smoke Camels freely without a hint of jumpy nerves. And they are the *mildest* cigarette I ever smoked!"

Copyright, 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

How Are Your Nerves?

Fortunate indeed is that modern man or woman who does not get nervously upset. Raw, jangled nerves seem, all too often, to be the order of the day.

If *nerves* are your problem, we suggest a check-up now—on your eating, sleeping, and smoking. Get a fresh slant on your smoking by changing to Camels. Much is heard about the tobaccos used in various cigarettes. But this is a fact, as any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you:

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Everywhere you see Camels smoked more and more. People *do* care about mildness...about good taste...about their nerves. And Camels *never* get on your nerves...never tire your taste.

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

YOUR CHOICE (VALUE $5.00) 89¢

World Famous Classics Now

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

Postage 11¢ per Book

66—CANDIDE

By *Voltaire*. Profusely illustrated. The amazing adventures (with nothing omitted) of the immortal Candide. More than a satire, more than a daring buffoonery, CANDIDE ranks among the foremost narratives of pure adventure and masterly exercise of imagination in any language—in any age. Unblushing realism, Rabelaisian humor. One of the world's finest stories. (Value $5.)

89¢ *Postage 11¢ extra*

97—FAUST

By *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*. Perhaps the greatest opera ever written. A welcome addition to every cultured home. (A $5 book value.)

89¢ *Postage 11¢ extra*

95—NANA

By *Emile Zola*. 485 pages. Even the ultra-smart society of Paris was amazed upon the appearance of Nana which is the history of a French courtesan. Never before—or since, had the life of a courtesan been depicted with greater fidelity and realism. Emile Zola, the author, was made the target of abuse and diatribe for daring to reveal the reverse side of Parisian gayeties. But this masterpiece of the demi-monde remains still the most perfect work of its kind ever to see print. Who Nana was, where she came from, and how she made her devastating progress furnishes a tale of the most absorbing fascination. A romance of intriguing delight for the literary epicure. ($5 value.)

89¢ *Postage 11¢ extra*

69—ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

Complete. Profusely illustrated. "The Biggest Liar in The World" only half describes the much traveled Baron. Not even modern science can embellish facts so artistically nor fly so high in the field of nightmarish speculation.

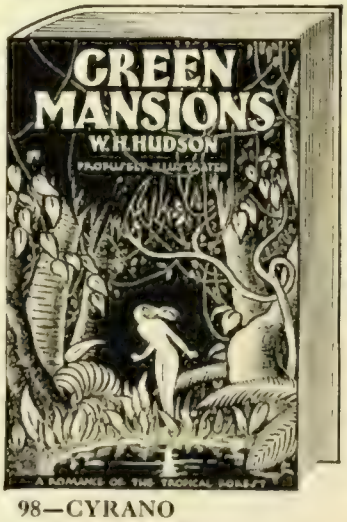
In him the faculty for exaggeration and corroborative detail surpasses both art and science and becomes a gift only the gods can bestow. (Value $5.)

89¢ *Postage 11¢ extra*

68—GREEN MANSIONS

By *W. H. Hudson*. Here are the undiscovered secrets of the ways of love. Here are untold stories suggested—for the few who will understand. Dream or reality, no other man has ever shown us the fascination of sex blended with the unknown and awesome power of the primitive jungle creature, save only this author. This romance of a tropical forest is the most modern and recent book to be universally accepted as a classic. (Value $5.)

89¢ *Postage 11¢ extra*



98—CYRANO De BERGERAC

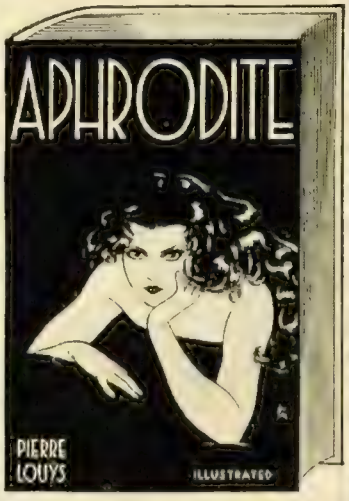
By *Edmond Rostrand*. The tragic heroic French drama that Walter Hampden has made beloved in every American home. (A $5 book value.)

89¢ *Postage 11¢ extra*

96—SANINE

A Russian Love Novel by *Michael Artzibashev*. When this book first appeared it was greeted by a storm of protest and accusation—revolutionary, dangerous—a political bombshell—excessively brutal in act and thought. Others appraised it as a true and realistic panorama of a vicious social stratum. But now only a few years since it was first published in Russia, we find that though many contemporary works have been consigned to oblivion, Sanine is marching on to immortality. This work has been translated into nearly every language and is available in every cultured land—but never before in America at this low price. (A $5.00 book value).

89¢ *Postage 11¢ extra*



65—APHRODITE

By *Pierre Louys*. Profusely illustrated. The one modern classic which eclipses in exotic beauty and simplicity the work of the ancients who wrote of sensuous love. Must not be judged by Mid-Victorian standards but by the freer spirit of the Hellenic age in which the story is set. The story of a courtesan of ancient Alexandria moving as suits her fancy among her inevitable associates, and against a truly Grecian background. (Value $5.)

89¢ *Postage 11¢ extra*

Economy Educational League
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. L23

I enclose $ ... for which please ship me books circled below. I understand that my money will be refunded on any book that does not prove entirely satisfactory.

65 66 95 96 97 98

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

These beautiful, illustrated editions are well-known and well-loved classics, each one complete, each containing every word the authors set down. These works deserve a place beside your deluxe books costing five and ten times as much, for they will not suffer by comparison. Each book is exquisitely illustrated in free and daring mood by a well-known artist. Printed from new plates, clear, legible type, richly bound, large library size, each book is a good $5.00 value as book prices usually run.

ORDER TODAY! Be the FIRST amongst your circle of friends to own and enjoy these great classics. Mail the coupon and remittance without delay! Money refunded promptly on any book that does not prove satisfactory.

POSTAGE FREE ON ANY ORDER FOR FIVE BOOKS OR MORE

(Continued from page fourteen) "Battleship Gertie" had been characterized as a Bohemian adventuress, a Russky countess in the pay of the Mikado, a Svenska operatic singer, an American society girl, an Italian actress, a notorious Eurasian courtesan. Theories as to Ensign Harriss varied as widely. He was the innocent victim of circumstance; he was a whited sepulcher; he was a love-maddened victim of a Japanese spy; he was a secret sinner who had abandoned his mistress; he was the cad who had driven an innocent young girl to stow away and follow him to the States.

It would be perhaps well, at this juncture, to retu: to the facts.

At 1.14 P. M. Captain Buford radioed to ComBatDiv 15, aboard the battleship Vermont as follows:

> Girl stowaway found aboard this ship. Identified only as Gert. Residence thought to be Honolulu. Am awaiting your instructions.
>
> HIRAM BUFORD, Captain, U. S. N.

The battleship division commander was a jovial admiral named Biddleslee. His immediate conclusion seemed to be that his good friend Buford was attempting, for the first time in his life, a joke. Admiral Biddleslee replied:

> You must be mistaken. Her name is Kate and she stowed away in the Kearsarge. If you can make contact with the Kearsarge my instructions are that you give Kate my love.
>
> JOHN BIDDLESLEE, Rear Admiral.

According to the messenger who delivered this bit of flippancy to "Hard Hiram" Buford, the captain looked "like he was choking" and broke the point of his fountain pen writing a second message to Admiral Biddleslee. Filed as No. 23P768-x1031Nt in the Navy Department records, it was terse:

> Sorry to spoil joke. No joke. Instructions please.
>
> BUFORD.

Sobered, Rear Admiral Biddleslee radioed Vice Admiral Spenks, the ComBatDivs, in his flagship U. S. S. Georgia. Admiral Spenks was noted for a rather pompous manner. When he received the news that the Rhode Island reported a girl stowaway, he radioed:

> Impossible. What steps have been taken to verify sex of prisoner? HUBERT SPENKS, Vice Admiral.

Whereupon Admiral Biddleslee indited a message which has made history; a classic which will be repeated unto the third and fourth generation of naval officers:

> Sex carefully verified by triangulation. Shall Rhode Island return to Honolulu? BIDDLESLEE.

THE reply of Admiral Spenks (see Portfolio No. Xp-7958—N, Bu.Nav.) was a masterpiece of majestic indignation:

> Position of girl Gert is untenable, repeat untenable, and whole affair is shameful exhibition unworthy of the high ideals of this service. The Rhode Island will immediately, repeat immediately, return to Honolulu and place girl Gert in hands of civil authorities. A Board of Inquiry will sit in case at once, repeat at once, and ascertain the identities of those responsible for presence of girl Gert aboard United States man-of-war. The Rhode Island will not, repeat not, anchor until guilty men are found. The commanding officer of the Rhode Island is expressly charged with duty of conducting rigorous, repeat rigorous, investigation. Any publicity over this disgraceful, repeat disgraceful, affair would be disastrous. Girl Gert must, repeat must, be silenced by any proper, repeat proper, means.

Receipt of this message aboard the Rhode Island created a new sensation. The battleship had been away from San Pedro for nearly five months and her people were impatient to return to wives and sweethearts and such dear delights as Los Angeles affords. Many a brave sailor watched the Rhode Island put about on the return course to Honolulu with a sad heart. And none was sadder than young Ensign Harriss's. The lost Enid was in Honolulu and all the scenes of romance they had visited together would be hateful now. Moreover, he faced the prospect of having his name linked with that young hussy in the captain's cabin.

His buddy, Ensign "Tub" McGurk, who had been on duty, hurried in to get the low-down.

"Did the Old Man put you in hack?"

Ensign Harriss nodded.

"I didn't think you had it in you, pal," said young Mr. McGurk. He smiled admiringly.

The stricken officer stared.

"Had it in me?"

"Oh, now—after all, Rex! We've been buddies and shipmates a long time. You don't need to pull that innocent stuff on me." A deeply impressed sigh. "She must be mad about you—to try to stow away. Tell me, who is she?"

Ensign Harriss laughed bitterly.

"You're a fat-headed chump. I never saw the girl before."

LIEUTENANT PERKINS came in. He too wore an admiring smile.

"Cap'n wants to see you in the cabin, Rex," he said. "She's told everything. Commander McClintic says it's okay. She's broken the Old Man down. He's almost human! What a girl!"

"She told—"

"Yes. The works. Clears you, of course. We all knew you didn't have anything to do with sneaking her aboard."

"Of course not!" cried Ensign Harriss. "I never saw the girl—"

Ensign McGurk and Lieutenant Perkins exchanged disapproving glances.

"That's no way to take it, old fellow," said Ensign McGurk. "You may be through with the poor girl and all that, but you're no cad. She's done the decent thing and squared you. The least you can do—"

"Rex isn't going to throw her down," said Lieutenant Perkins, slapping him emotionally on the shoulder. "She's a lovely girl, and even if she did lose her head and get Rex in a jam, she's taken all the blame—"

"You bet," broke in Ensign McGurk. "Now you hurry on up there and make a clean breast of everything. That's the only manly thing to do."

He shoved Ensign Harriss out the door.

Dazed, but feeling unaccountably pleased with his brother officers, Ensign Harriss went to the captain's cabin. What did this new admiration and appreciation in the regard of Perkins and McGurk mean? Did they actually believe him to be—to be—Ensign Harriss gulped at the thought—did they think him an immoral man? A gay dog? A dashing rake-helly fellow? Ensign Harriss was unconsciously swaggering a bit as he entered the presence of "Hard Hiram" Buford. But he quickly lost his aplomb in astonishment at the change in the Old Man and the hussy Gertie.

"Sit down, Harriss." Captain Buford was no longer angrily red of countenance. The man had mellowed. "Battleship Gertie" sat in a chair beside the captain's desk, her face wet with recently-shed tears. She still was staring out a porthole and she still chewed gum. But her manner was dignified, poised, wistful. She seemed aware of her position. For her, the U. S. S. Rhode Island plowed the ocean wave. For her, thirty-two thousand tons of steel and thirty thousand horse power and thirteen hundred men were solemnly dedicated to serve. She was riding back to Honolulu in a battleship, where no woman had ever ridden before.

Ensign Harriss looked at her and gulped. So they thought he had lured this creature?

"Harriss," said Captain Buford, "Miss Gertrude has told me everything. She has been—hum—ah—a very foolish girl."

"Yes, sir," said Ensign Harriss for want of something better.

Captain Buford frowned.

"She has very generously admitted that she came aboard this ship without the aid or knowledge of

"No, Rex," she said, freeing herself. "I can't—trust you."

any one but herself."

"I told you, sir—"

"Yes, I know. You had no direct responsibility. But—hum—ah—it ill becomes you, Harriss, to think only of your escape from a court. There is a higher responsibility, you know."

Gertie began to sob. Ensign Harriss stared in horror as "Hard Hiram" Buford patted Gertie's shoulder and said gruffly, "Now, now. It's all right." Was this Captain Hiram Buford, the scourge of the battle force?

"I—I don't quite understand, sir—" the young man faltered.

"Hard Hiram" turned on him grimly.

"YOU playboys never do understand, Harriss," he said severely. "It never occurred to you that when you were trifling with this girl's affections that she might "

"B-but, sir, I don't even *know* her!"

This denial caused Gertie's soft round chin to quiver. Her large blue eyes were tragic with naïve bafflement.

"I told you that's what he'd say, Captain Buford," she gasped. "That's the way all them officer fellas act with a girl that don't know no better than to believe 'em. They get you in a jam and then—why, they don't know you."

"I *don't* know you!" said Ensign Harriss.

Gertie burst into tears.

"That will do, Harriss!" rasped the Old Man. "I sent for you thinking you would be man enough to admit your—um—ha—higher responsibility. I see that you are determined to brazen it out. I need only add that a gentleman of the navy, as I have always understood the term, does not use his position to fascinate and infatuate a mere schoolgirl. He does not—"

"Captain, for God's sake—"

"That will do, Harriss. You may go."

"But I swear—"

Gertie arose dramatically and pointed a shaking and somewhat smudgy finger at Ensign Harriss.

"You get outa here! You get out! You done enough already, you big liar!"

Ensign Harriss, with a squawk, lunged from the cabin.

The Rhode Island was allowed to anchor off Honolulu, after all. Captain Buford, with Gertie's signed statement in hand, had radioed ComBatDiv 15 as follows:

> Girl stowaway made full confession in writing. Boarded ship unaided to follow young officer with whom she was infatuated. Stole uniform from Seaman Dogglesby as he slept off drunken stupor in her mother's boarding house. Has pledged absolute silence and firmly believe she is truthful girl led astray through unfortunate love affair. BUFORD.

To which Admiral Biddleslee, who would have his little joke, made answer:

> Hurray for Gert. She should go far. Too bad it couldn't be in the Rhode Island.

Captain Buford was in no mood for humor, and his rejoinder to the admiral is not of record. Visibly softened, he escorted Gert, swathed in one of his own greatcoats, to his gig. And then, to the consternation of the whole ship's company, he accompanied Gert ashore, explaining rather lamely to Commander McClintic: "I want to make sure that no newspapermen trouble her. The poor child is in no condition to be bullyragged by reporters. I—um—ah—shall take her to her mother."

ENSIGN HARRISS, released from hack, but feeling keenly his captain's unwarranted displeasure, went through a rapid readjustment of character. Still pink-cheeked, but no longer smugly virtuous, he accompanied "Tub" McGurk to a shindig at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. He had lived and learned. He now realized how easy it is for a young man to fall from grace—or, at least, be accused of falling from grace. He was broader and more tolerant. There was even a bit of a swagger to his walk and a certain light in his eye. As he explained to "Tub," "Might as well be hanged for a lion as a lamb."

Scandal spread swiftly around the dance floor and terraces. Ensign Harriss became aware that beautiful women were eying him with a warm and excited interest. Gertie, it was generally agreed, was the daughter of a visiting French diplomat. The Quai d'Orsay had intervened in her behalf and the whole affair was to be hushed up. Young women begged their escorts to introduce them to "that awful, charming Ensign Harriss." Young Mr. Harriss basked and expanded in the limelight. He heard himself protesting, not very convincingly, "It was all a mistake. Really."

Then he came face to face with Enid Walsh.

"How do you do, Mr. Harriss?" she said.

"Oh—hullo, Enid," he uttered thickly.

All his new-found devilishness evaporated like gas from a punctured balloon. Even the fact that the girl of his dreams was looking at him as she had never looked before could not sustain him.

"Was it necessary to fib to me that way?" the girl inquired a little

(Continued on page twenty)

"I can help you win hearts—and hold them," says BARBARA STANWYCK

GIRLS, HERE'S A SECRET I LEARNED MY VERY FIRST YEAR IN THE CHORUS. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHARM OF REALLY EXQUISITE SKIN MEN JUST CAN'T RESIST . . .
I HAVE THE SENSITIVE SKIN THAT GOES WITH RED HAIR, YET FOR YEARS MY SIMPLE BEAUTY CARE — LUX TOILET SOAP — HAS KEPT IT ALWAYS SOFT AND SMOOTH !
DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH A SKIN THAT JUST "GETS BY"! WITH A TEMPTING, TENDER-SMOOTH SKIN YOU CAN WIN HEARTS .. AND HOLD THEM. JUST TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP — YOU'LL SEE !

LOVELY WARNER BROS. STAR

Men can't resist alluring skin —you can have this charm . . .

Barbara Stanwyck tells you Hollywood's secret of loveliness . . . how to have a skin that wins instant adoration.

You see her as she looks in her own boudoir. Notice how smooth *her* skin is. Surely you'll want to follow her advice —make *yours* as lovely!

All over the country girls are turning to Hollywood's complexion care.

Actually 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Get some today. Begin at once to win new loveliness!

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists Explain

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, Couldn't Even Lie Down!

The Suffering I Had to Bear In Secret"

WHAT a toll Piles take—in pain, in physical and mental incapacitation, in drain on vitality! The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles, ending, as it may, in serious trouble.

Real treatment for Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo not only relieves the pain, soreness and itching, but it tends to correct the condition as well. Pazo works because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissue. Third, it is *absorbing*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

The method of application makes Pazo doubly effective. It comes in a Collapsible Tube with special Pile Pipe attachment which permits complete interior medication. (Pazo also comes in tins for application in the ordinary way.)

Try It FREE!

Pazo is sold by all drug stores, but a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Simply mail the coupon or a postcard.

Paris Medicine Co.
Dept. 19-L-2, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(Continued from page eighteen)

sharply. "Or is it just a habit of yours to make women appear sappy?"

"I wasn't fibbing to you, Enid. I couldn't."

Enid's smile was rueful and rather bitter.

"You needn't keep up the pretense, Rex. I know it was just a line. A pretty good line, too. I suppose you got a big kick out of it when I said you were too good for me, didn't you?"

Ensign Harriss grasped her arm desperately.

"Enid, you've got to listen to me," he said. "I can explain everything, if you'll only listen."

"I'll listen," she said guardedly.

He led her to a sheltered corner of the pavilion. There he told her the facts in the case of "Battleship Gertie." But as he talked he saw that she did not believe him.

"Very amusing, Rex," she murmured, "but my mother happens to know Mrs. Houghton, Captain Buford's sister. And Mrs. Houghton quoted the captain very directly and to the point. Oh, don't misunderstand me. I'm not blaming you—not exactly. She was only eighteen and you wore brass buttons—"

"Enid! If you saw that girl you'd know it is all a terrible lie. She's nothing but a common little— Well, if you met her you'd *know* there never was anything between us."

"I'm afraid I'm not interested in Miss Devereaux—"

"Devereaux. Ha! Her name's Gert. Just Gert—"

"Oh, let's not quarrel about it, Rex." She smiled—a wan introspective smile. "It's odd, though. I thought I wanted you a little wicked. But I didn't. Not really."

ENSIGN HARRISS clutched her with frantic hands.

"I'm not wicked. I love you. I want to marry you. You've got to believe me—"

"No, Rex," she said, freeing herself reluctantly from his embrace—his experienced embrace. "I'm sorry, but I can't—trust you. She'd always be between us. She'd—"

"Enid, listen. I'll find her. I'll bring her to you. You'll talk with her?"

Finally Miss Walsh agreed. Ensign Harriss was to produce "Battleship Gertie" for luncheon the next day.

The distracted lover returned to the Rhode Island and sought out Doglesby, H. D., seaman second, who was confined in the ship's brig.

"Sure I'll give you her address, Mr. Harriss," quoth Seaman Doglesby. "And I hopes yer shakes the truth outa the little scamp. She told the cap'n she stowed away fer love of a officer. Nuts. She stowed away so's she could get to Hollywood. She's movie crazy. An' listen, Mr. Harriss. Couldn't you do somepin fer a guy? They got me down A. W. O. L. an' drunk, an' that ain't so. I was not intoxicated, Mr. Harriss. Gert, she put knockout drops in my beer." . . .

At eleven o'clock the next morning Ensign Harriss called at the boarding house of Gert's mother, a Mrs. Schumpf. Miss Gertrude Schumpf giggled nervously when she saw Ensign Harriss.

Ensign Harriss nodded curtly.

"You've got me into serious trouble with my—with the girl I hope to marry. I have come to ask that you undo the harm you've done with your untruthfulness."

Gert was immediately sympathetic.

"I sure am sorry, Mr. Harriss. I didn't mean to get you in bad with your girl friend. But I had to tell Captain Buford somepin. You know yourself what a jam I was in. And he was accusin' me of— Why, it simply made my blood run cold the way he talked. And I didn't want no unpleasant publicity on account of my career, so I just made it up that I was crazy for you—" Miss Schumpf was amused. "Gee, he fell for it swell, didn't he?"

Mr. Harriss was not amused.

"I have arranged for you to meet Miss Walsh at luncheon," he said. "I expect you to go with me and tell her the truth."

"BATTLESHIP GERTIE" showed instant alarm.

"Go with you where?"

"To the Royal Hawaiian Hotel."

"Gee!" Then, "Nope. I couldn't do that. It's on account of—well, the captain made me promise to lay low. It would hurt my career—see?—if they was any scandal or anything like 'at. I'd like to help you out with your girl friend, though. Tell you what, I'll write her a letter—"

Ensign Harriss said that wouldn't do. Mrs. Schumpf, who had been listening from the stairway, intervened at this point. She said, "You go with the young man, Gert. The very idea, queering him with his lady friend! And lying thataway! I raised you different, young woman."

Thus it came about that "Battleship Gertie," alias Mlle. Devereaux, accompanied Ensign Harriss to the tea room of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and there was introduced to Miss Enid Walsh. Alas, Gertie made a very poor impression. She was apprehensive and ill at ease and blurted, as if by rote, "Pleased to meet you. Mr. Harriss says I'm to tell you that it was all a put-up job, and I didn't mean to get him in Dutch with you, honest, miss, and I guess that makes everything okay, doesn't it? I better go now. I ain't a bit hungry and—"

Cast down at the threshold of happiness, Ensign Harriss heard the girl of his dreams laugh.

"Really, Rex," she said, "couldn't you have arranged a more plausible dénouement?"

"She's the girl who stowed away, Enid," he said, almost tearfully. "I can prove it. I can have her identified—"

And at this crucial moment in the lives of these two lovers "Battleship Gertie" let out a whimper of terror.

She jumped up and started away.

"Hold on, young lady!"

It was the voice of command, the crisp hard voice of Captain Hiram Buford. He grabbed Gertie by the arm and swung her about.

"What did you do with them?"

"With what?"

"My pearl studs and cuff links."

Gertie began to sniffle. But "Hard Hiram" Buford did not soften.

"Come along," he said. "The police will—"

"I pawned 'em," said Gertie, wailing. "I got the tickuts the Chink give me. I'll show you where—"

"Very well."

Captain Buford, red of face but stern, marched Gertie from the restaurant.

"Golly!" said Ensign Harriss.

A soft hand patted his arm.

"Forgive me, Rex," Enid said.

And Gertie? The rest is rumor. Some say she went to Hollywood and became a famous movie star. Others say she married, secretly, Captain Buford. There is another story to the effect that she stayed in Honolulu and is clerking in a five-and-ten-cent store. But I prefer the story, told by seamen standing lonely night watches under the stars, that "Battleship Gertie" stowed away in a torpedo tube of the United States Submarine T-61 and made a splendid voyage to Australia.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is gasconade?

2—What nationally known local festival is held annually in New Orleans?

3—What is perspicuity?

4—What is an iconoclast?

5—What is meant by a *retroussé* nose?

6—Which French city is directly across the Strait of Dover from Dover, England?

7—What were the Sicilian Vespers?

8—Which city is the capital of Venezuela?

9—When was the first yacht race sailed for the trophy now known as the America's Cup?

10—From whence is the word whisky derived?

11—When was Cornell University founded?

12—What is meant by Nirvana?

13—Who designed the frigate Constitution?

14—Where was the first President of the United States inaugurated?

15—What kind of a plant is an epiphyte?

16—What is a canard?

17—Who was known as the Iron Chancellor?

18—What is Tib's Eve?

19—Who was Sancho Panza?

20—Prague is the capital of what country?

(Answers will be found on page 28)

Smoke 'til the last chip's cashed

...and still keep a fresh, cool mouth

If a good hot game makes you smoke like a chimney... what you need is a good cool smoke!

Why does your mouth stay cool? Because Spud's *smoke* is 16% cooler. Yet, the smoke itself contains hardly a trace of menthol. The menthol cools the smoke *in the cigarette.* What you draw from a Spud is natural tobacco goodness *with the heat taken out.* That means full tobacco pleasure...*plus* the luxury of a cool, fresh mouth.

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES

20 FOR 15c • (25c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

ROYALTY, RAD

Garbo Plays Queen Christi and That Gay War

By BEVERL

(Reading time: 7 minutes 4 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ QUEEN CHRISTINA

THE PLAYERS: Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, C. Aubrey Smith, Reginald Owen, George Renevent, David Torrence, and others. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.

It turns out that Queen Christina, whom Greta Garbo last summer decided to rescue from historical obscurity, was a cool and somewhat temperamental character who paid no attention whatever to her court's insistence that she marry Prince Charles of Sweden. Instead, she preferred to lie in bed reading philosophy. In the morning she washed her face with snow, and in the afternoon she went riding—wearing leather trousers—with her valet. Also she disapproved of war.

All these significant details of Christina's private life are so carefully sketched in at the beginning of Queen Christina that you begin to suspect that the climax of the picture, when it arrives, will be a glimpse of the heroine at her knitting. Instead, on one of her afternoon canters Christina meets a young man in a fur coat, who is dismayed because his coach is stuck in the snow.

He is Antonio (John Gilbert), envoy from the King of Spain; and Christina spends five days with him at a country inn without telling him her name.

It may be that this incident is a fairly characteristic Hollywood explanation of the historical fact that Queen Christina abdicated at the age of twenty-eight for reasons now obscure. It may also be true that the story designed around it in this picture adds nothing very much to the sword-and-cloak school of movie plot. None the less, the romance of Antonio and Christina, set against the gloom and splendor of palaces and snow, is a moving and important anecdote. The difficulties that customarily attend court romances in the cinema—a jealous courtier (Ian Keith), the necessity for making a political marriage, the desire to get away from it all—are all present.

But there are also shots—of Christina and Antonio coming back to the palace in the evening through white streets in a lighted sleigh, or looking together at a portrait of the King of Spain, whose courtship it is Antonio's official job to further—that give the story dignity and life.

John Gilbert does a competent job. Director Rouben Mamoulian, always concerned with camera effects, does not let his enthusiasm get the best of his knowledge that the only important thing in Queen Christina is Garbo.

The radio crooner and the teacher—Bing Crosby and Marion Davies as they appear in Going Hollywood.

Greta Garbo as the queen and John Gilbe

★★½ GOING HOLLYWOOD

THE PLAYERS: Marion Davies, Bing Crosby, Fifi D'Orsay, Stuart Erwin, Ned Sparks, Patsy Kelly, Bobby Watson, and others. Directed by Raoul Walsh.

The idea of building a musical comedy around the situation of a school-teacher who pursues a crooner to Hollywood is not what any one would be likely to call inspired. Some correspondent will now doubtless take occasion to inform this department that the plot idea of Going Hollywood is entirely original.

This may be true, but it makes no difference. The story idea of Going Hollywood would have been threadbare if nobody had ever used it, and the minute you see cute little Marion Davies rolling her eyes as she listens to her radio in Going Hollywood you are likely to experience, mixed with the sad feeling that it has all happened before, a vague hope that it will never happen again.

The remarkable thing about Going Hollywood, however, is that it proceeds from this point, with all odds stacked against it, to become an entirely amiable and entertaining little picture. How this occurs it is a little difficult to say, but it undoubtedly has a great deal to do with the fact that Crosby not only knows how to sing but is also, so far as we know, the only male radio celebrity in the country who, when placed in front of a camera, fails to give the impression that he is acting for a mirror.

Going Hollywood, as you may have guessed, shows Marion Davies climbing on to Crosby's train and getting a job as personal maid to his girl friend (Fifi D'Orsay). By the time the train reaches Poughkeepsie, New York, it is clear that Marion Davies will eventually replace Fifi

...O, REUNION

Mr. Crosby Croons to Miss Davies, Gang Gets Together Again

...HILLS

Antonio in Miss Garbo's latest picture, Queen Christina.

D'Orsay as the lead in the picture which Crosby is going West to make, and it is also clear that she will pull Crosby out of one of the saloons in which he and Miss D'Orsay are accustomed to pass away their idle moments in time to sing a duet entitled Our Big Love Scene. There is a minimum of conviction in Donald Ogden Stewart's dialogue for all this, and Crosby acts it in the same take-it-or-leave-it fashion, which adds enormously to the effectiveness of the picture.

Two more things you should like in Going Hollywood are the performances of three comedians vaguely and unfortunately identified as The Radio Rogues, who yowl savage imitations of Ben Bernie, Rudy Vallee, Kate Smith, Russ Columbo, and the like; and Patsy Kelly, a small gruff excitable comédienne who deserves a bigger part than she has had in any picture yet.

★★ CONVENTION CITY

THE PLAYERS: Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh, Patricia Ellis, Ruth Donnelly, Hugh Herbert, Grant Mitchell, Hobart Cavanaugh, Sheila Terry, and others. Directed by Archie Mayo.

With no disrespect intended for Warner Brothers' stable of actors, it might be a good notion to farm a few of them out to other companies in the near future. They have been used together so many times that when you see Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Guy Kibbee, and Frank McHugh cavorting in the convention halls and the hotel rooms of a town which, at a shrewd guess, might have been meant to represent Atlantic City, it is a little hard to overcome the expectation that the chorus of Gold Diggers of 1933 is hiding under the board walk, ready to appear for an old-fashioned Warner Brothers first-night finale.

Aside from this slightly academic defect, Convention City is a first-rate comedy, smartly written, neatly directed, and accented by an observant sarcasm in sequences like the one in which a drunk staggers into a large room full of people and oratorically urges that "our merchandise be placed in slot machines on every corner, in case of emergency" before he finds out that he is addressing the wrong convention.

The story is mainly about the president of a rubber company (Grant Mitchell) and three of his hirelings (Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, and Guy Kibbee) who hope to be chosen for the job of general manager. Kibbee fails to get it because—as usually happens when Kibbee gets friendly with a blonde—Joan Blondell inveigles him into a situation which turns out to be embarrassing when his wife appears. Menjou, a much slicker operator, gets into difficulties of the same sort, and the job finally goes to a befuddled drunk who has had the good fortune to catch Grant Mitchell on the point of paying a visit to a lady exterminator ("Exterminating Done at All Hours, Day and Night").

The picture contains one song which deserves to be remembered—a pæan to the president of the J. B. Honeywell Rubber Company, called Oh, Honeywell, and sung to the air of My Maryland.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses.

★★★—Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday.

Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, and Mary Astor in a scene from the new comedy film, Convention City.

HELEN

HELEN JACOBS

Did Helen Wills cut Helen Jacobs socially? Did she blackball her for a college sorority? Is Helen Jacobs' father a butcher?—and was he right in telling her the public "likes to see a champion defeated"? Did Helen Wills for years have Helen Jacobs' "goat" on the courts? What did she mean in telling Helen Jacobs that the latter took her tennis "too seriously"? Was Helen Jacobs' mother responsible for that seriousness, and then for her dethronement of Helen Wills? Did Helen Wills really default and yield her title to Helen Jacobs because her leg was bothering her? For Helen Jacobs' own answers, read this article!

(Reading time: 13 minutes 35 seconds.)

BEHIND my last match with Helen Wills Moody there is a long and rather varied history. Unlike many players who took seriously to tennis, I did not start because of any impelling fondness for the game. My name was entered in the Pacific Coast Junior Championship eleven years ago by a friend who occasionally played with me and felt that I had a flair of sorts for the game. This entry was not especially popular with me at first, inasmuch as I preferred to swim or ride horseback rather than take the time for a tennis tournament.

But the spirit of tennis, or whatever it may be that gets under one's skin, got under mine after my first match, and to such an extent that tennis has since claimed most of my time and my effort.

It has been said in the press and elsewhere that I was unfortunate, playing in the "Helen Wills era." I have always felt otherwise about it. Tennis is interesting from the competitive point of view only when there is a great deal to work for. Last season the Wightman Cup matches reached a high point of excitement because the outcome was in doubt until the very last point was played. My tennis seasons, ten in all, have always been like that.

It was impressed upon me rather thoroughly by my family, after I won the National Junior Championship in 1924 and 1925 without losing a set, that I could not expect this good fortune to continue and that I must not be discouraged when it left off. I have never felt any acute discouragement since then, and my father, a newspaperman, gave me excellent advice when he explained to me the psychology of publicity. The public likes to see the champion defeated; it supports young and enthusiastic contenders for various titles.

The first year that I played in women's tennis I met Helen Wills only once—in California. I remember the headline in the San Francisco Call sports section: JACOBS LOOMS AS WILLS' NEMESIS. I loomed, perhaps, but did not fulfill this intimation, although the match was one of the best I ever had against Helen.

William Fuller, who did much to help Helen Wills when she commenced serious tennis, likewise did a great deal for me. Although Helen and I were both members of the Berkeley Tennis Club, I saw very little of her. She was three years older than I, and was in college when I began tennis and was still at Miss Head's School in Berkeley. Whenever she practiced and I was present, I always watched, with the hope that some day I would be able to play a backhand like hers. Mr. Fuller knew the technique of this backhand—he told me about it and helped me with mine.

At the Berkeley Tennis Club there was a photograph of Helen Wills at the finish of her backhand drive. I and others of the young players at the club attempted to deduce from this photograph the secret of Helen's shot. Naturally

WILLS and I- The TRUTH at Last

The New Queen of Tennis Speaks Her Mind on Some Much-Discussed Questions

By

HELEN JACOBS

HELEN WILLS

the Woman's Tennis Champion of the United States was one for the club to be proud of and the coming players to emulate. An article from a Chicago paper was reproduced in the Oakland Tribune after Helen's first exhibition there. I remember it because it seemed to me one of the most flattering descriptions of a player's temperament. The article ended with an impression of Helen's court disposition. "As imperturbable as a summer sea," it read. To this much of her success was ascribed. I, whose temperament was said to be in the beginning nervous and high-strung, began to be conscious of a desire to temper it and, if possible, to remold it along this line that hastened, if it did not assure, success.

In those two respects only, Helen Wills had an influence upon my game. In the years I have known her we have seldom, if ever, spoken much of tennis.

BILL JOHNSTON, at his height, had Bill Tilden to contend with. The Johnston supporters always believed that Tilden was never as great a player as his perennial opponent, but that Johnston felt that Tilden was superior whenever they met in the National Championship. The Tilden supporters believed that the Philadelphian was merely a greater tennis player. As a rule their matches were closely contested. Sometimes it was difficult to say who would win.

After I had gone to the semi-final of the American Championship and played in the Wightman Cup matches in 1927, the press played up my matches with Helen whenever we met.

She moved slowly but surely toward her height. Every year she seemed to improve. Her game grew steadier and her opponents felt that it was almost impossible to break down her defense. Before 1933 only Suzanne Lenglen, Elizabeth Ryan, Molla Mallory, and Kitty McKane succeeded in defeating her after she had won the American Championship. These defeats were spread over a number of years and testify to Helen's general consistency.

The way was paved for American women abroad by Helen's successes in Europe. Players in England and on the Continent anticipated with considerable interest the arrival of other American women to compete

"I hate to miss the party, But..."

"I'M AFRAID I COULDN'T DANCE. MY FEET ARE MY WORST ENEMIES. I HAVE TWO BAD CORNS."
"WHY MY DEAR, HOW OLD FASHIONED YOU ARE. WHY DON'T YOU USE BLUE-JAY? THERE'S NO PAIN, AND IT'S THIS SIMPLE"
1 Just soak the foot for 10 minutes in hot water, and then wipe it dry.
2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad over corn. Pad relieves pressure, stops pain at once.
3 After 3 days, removeplaster, soak foot and lift out corn. It's so safe and gentle!
"JIM, YOU'RE AN OLD FLATTERER! YOU'RE A MARVELOUS DANCER YOURSELF. DO YOU USE BLUE-JAY TOO?"

• Blue-Jay is the safe, scientific corn remover, used by millions for 35 years. Invented by a famous chemist, made by Bauer & Black, whose products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over. *Be kind to your feet.* When a corn appears, remove it with Blue-Jay.

25c at druggists — special sizes for bunions and calluses

How Blue-Jay Works

A. the medication that gently undermines the corn.

B. felt pad that relieves pressure, stops pain at once.

C. adhesive that holds pad in place.

BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC

CORN REMOVER

Free Booklet—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

L-2

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

in their tournaments. They had the impression that all the Americans were hard hitters and difficult to defeat. Matches in which Helen Wills played, the majority usually conceded to us. The impression she created abroad of an equable temperament led the Europeans to suspect that we all had similar court dispositions.

I always took the foreign tournaments very seriously. When I went to Wimbledon for the first time, in 1928, with my mother, I went to the round of eight. Here I had to play Daphne Ackhurst, one of the finest players who ever came from Australia. Two weeks previously, before the Wightman Cup matches, Helen Wills and Molla Mallory had practiced with the other members of the American team on the Center Court. Rallying with Helen Wills had been good for my game, and expecting everything to be returned had kept me on the alert; but it had reduced my inclination to hit hard to practically *nil*.

Against Daphne Ackhurst, whose game was almost as steady as Helen's, though not nearly so effective, I found that my tendency just to keep the ball in play was fatal. We had a match that began at seven in the evening and ended at nine fifteen. The night before, I had been restive and excited by the possibility of getting into the semifinal of my first Wimbledon. This nervousness had been somewhat increased by the delay from two o'clock, for which our match was first scheduled, till seven. At the expiration of the match, which she won, I collapsed in the dressing room. Helen Wills was there. She gave me some eau de cologne but, even more important, explained to me that I took my tennis too seriously. From Helen Wills this advice was accepted with a modicum of regret but considerable attention. It reminded me that she bore out the impression of the Chicago journalist that time.

IN certain quarters, blame was directed at my mother for my seriousness about the game. Like much gossip, it was founded upon a fallacy—namely, that I lacked a mind of my own. Ever since my first Pacific Coast tournament my interest in tennis had been a serious one. It was substantiated and reënforced by my observation of Helen Wills' continued successes since 1923; I felt that seriousness was the dominating feature of her winning temperament. Had the champion of the United States been Molla Mallory, I, young and impressionable, would probably have attempted to cull from *her* game a comprehension of its winning features. But Helen Wills was champion; she had defeated Molla Mallory. Later, of course, I realized that Molla Mallory had the most valuable asset of all—a courageous fighting heart, refusing to admit defeat until the umpire called the finish of the match.

My mother knew how I felt about tennis. When I played badly and lost, she did her best to instill in me the understanding that tennis was only, after all, a game. When I played well and lost, she agreed with me that playing well was almost as satisfying as winning. And when I won, she was most instrumental in making me feel that I shouldn't overestimate my victory. I was remembering pretty strongly, in those days, Helen Wills' remark to me after I had won a match in which I had played quite badly: "No one ever asks you how you won—they ask if you won." That observation was certainly the result of experience.

AFTER my first year abroad, which was the most valuable experience in my early tennis life, I noticed a great increase in my confidence. Viscount D'Abernon, former ambassador to Germany and one of England's greatest tennis enthusiasts, took an interest in my game. He told my mother that this foreign tennis experience would hasten my ultimate success more than anything else, and outlined for her the reasons: variety of competition; the necessity of becoming rapidly acclimatized; playing before foreign galleries. He asked mother and me to be his and Lady D'Abernon's guests that winter in Rome, that I might play the Italian Riviera season. But I was in college, interested in my course, and wished to continue it. I returned to America.

That year, 1928, Helen Wills and I played our first important match—the finals of the American Championship. I always resented, and quite naturally I think, the implications that Helen Wills "had my goat." I sought to analyze my defeat by her and reached the conclusion that I was overanxious. Followers of tennis, and the press, inferred that there was a feud between us. The perpetrators of this rumor offered various grounds for it, and in most cases betrayed an ignorance of the facts. Helen Wills was said to have blackballed me in a sorority—although the originators of the gossip must have known that she was inactive in her house when I was in college and had no vote. Scant attention was paid to this gossip, I think, until recently, because practically all my school friends were Thetas, the house I had always wanted to and did join. Among my friends in the class before me and my own at Miss Head's, it was almost traditional to join the Thetas if you were bid.

Then another explanation was considered: a social warfare between us. In view of the facts, this was the most incongruous of all—almost as incongruous as the rumor that my father was a butcher, which has found its way, among other fictitious statements, into print for the delectation of those who like to feel that every one who succeeds has done so against great odds. That always adds a romantic touch to success—a particular form of romantic idyl to which I cannot truthfully lay claim.

At any rate, the rumors flew fast

and thick—and unfortunately, considering that the European tennis public adopted a curious attitude toward the supposed enmity existing between America's two leading women players. To every one abroad who mentioned this subject to me I made a denial; but too often, I am afraid, my denial was considered a mere gesture, and my attitude toward the question is now more or less indifferent.

In 1929 I played Helen Wills in the final of Wimbledon. I had played the best tennis of my life up to the end, having lost but seven games in the preceding rounds. Now, I thought, was my chance. But again I played her with the desire to make every point a winner. She won again from me at Paris in the French Championships in 1930, at Seabright in 1931. And our last match, before the most memorable one this last year at Forest Hills, was at Wimbledon in 1932, when she defeated me 6-3, 6-1.

After that match my mother did her best bit of psychological angling. Upon my return to California she talked to me for an entire afternoon about my tennis attitude with respect to Helen Wills (Moody now). I cannot recall just what it was she said, but I remember the definite impression she created with me that I would *have* to win my next match with Helen.

IN 1932 we did not play in America. As I said, we met in the finals of the Ladies' Singles at Wimbledon. My season in this country was the most successful I had ever had. I won the singles and doubles with Sarah Palfrey at Seabright, Easthampton, and Forest Hills, and with Ellsworth Vines lost the mixed doubles at Longwood to Sarah and Fred Perry.

My national title in 1932 was, from one standpoint, unsatisfactory. I had hoped for the opportunity to play Helen Wills Moody; but her entry was withdrawn at the last minute when she decided to return to California. I have never been able to take the American Championship lightly. To me it has always been symbolic of the height of tennis ambition, and the fact that I finally won it against an entry considered less severe than was desirable did not detract very much from my pleasure in winning.

This last year the entry presented all that could be hoped for. Not only was Helen Moody competing: Dorothy Round (who had defeated me at Wimbledon), Peggy Scriven, Sarah Palfrey (who had defeated Peggy Scriven in the Wightman Cup matches), and Josephine Cruickshank were all in my half. While I played with confidence in my game, I felt a bit vague about my chances of going into the final. Josephine Cruickshank disposed of Peggy Scriven, who, I had suspected, would give me the usual amount of trouble. Josephine and I played in the quarterfinal. I have never seen her play better, and the first set of our match was constantly

sleep, baby, sleep ... sleep your cold away

Poor little darling—he has a nasty cold. Help him, Mother, this safe proved way . . .

Just rub Vicks VapoRub on his chest at bedtime. It relieves soreness. It eases breathing. And . . .

He'll drop into a sound, sweet sleep. All night long, VapoRub will work to ease away that cold. Then . . .

In the morning a bouncing boy will pop right out of his bed and say —"I feel better, Mummy!"

YES, MOTHER—Vicks VapoRub is the ideal way to treat children's frequent colds—because it avoids the risks of constant dosing which so often upsets delicate digestions.

Being external, you can use Vicks VapoRub as freely and as often as needed—even on the youngest child.

Just rubbed on, Vicks VapoRub goes to work two ways at once—*direct* to the seat of the trouble. Through the skin, it acts like a poultice. It "draws out" rasping tightness. At the same time, its soothing vapors are inhaled to irritated air-passages.

All night long, this poultice-vapor action clears away clogging mucus, eases breathing. Sleep comes—a sound sleep that lets Nature get in her helping work. By morning, the worst of the cold should be over.

Vicks VapoRub

works all through the night

Your druggist has Vicks VapoRub—in original amber or new *stainless* white.

Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL OF COLDS

Have fewer colds in your home this winter. Get rid of colds more quickly. Vicks Plan will help you do it, as it is helping millions. In clinical tests, Vicks Plan materially reduced the *number* and *duration* of colds. Full details of Vicks Plan, and its simple rules of health, in each package of Vicks VapoRub and Vicks Nose & Throat Drops.

To prevent many colds—to ease nasal distress—use Vicks Nose Drops

To relieve a cold—to cut its duration and severity—use Vicks VapoRub

"Please send for this BOOK"

Write for your *free* copy of the famous "SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK." Millions of copies have been sent to dog owners. 58 pages, beautifully illustrated. Contains a "Symptom Chart" that tells at a glance what ails your dog. Chapters on Diseases, Feeding, Breeding, Registering Dogs. WRITE FOR YOUR FREE COPY TODAY.

Expert Advice Free

Our own veterinarian will gladly advise you personally about your dog's health. Write him fully. This service is given in the interest of dog welfare by the makers of SERGEANT'S DOG MEDICINES. Sold everywhere.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1484 W. Broad Street
Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

216

EVERY MINUTE

Analyze Liberty's weekly sale of 2,174,000 copies. You will see that this is the equivalent of 216 people paying a nickel for a copy of Liberty every single minute. 216 nickels, every minute of the day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year! A tremendous and continuous affirmation of Liberty's popularity.

"Klutch" holds FALSE TEETH Tight—all day

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, *don't waste* money on substitutes but write us for a box. Use 30 days. Pay us when satisfied

HART & CO., Box 2238-B, Elmira, N.Y.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

3 PKTS 10¢ **BURPEE'S GIANT ZINNIAS**

Giant Mammoth Zinnias. 3 best colors, Scarlet, Yellow, Rose. 1 packet each (value 30c) sent postpaid for 10c. Garden Book free.

W. ATLEE BURPEE CO., 220 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia

in doubt. My doubtful prospects of advancing into the final became even more doubtful when I played Dorothy Round. I just won in three sets.

The only satisfactory feature of the last National Championship was the week's interval caused by an irritating rain that commenced the day the semifinal match between Dorothy Round and me was scheduled. Helen Moody had already played Betty Nuthall in her half of the draw and had won in three sets.

A certain amount of nervousness is always induced by a long interval between important matches. But I welcomed the first few days of the delay because it gave me the opportunity to regain much of the strength I had spent earlier in the week. When I played Dorothy Round I was intensely eager to win, and after the match I carried this eagerness into the final against Helen Moody.

That match—as unexpected to most people in its outcome as it was to me in the nature of my victory—is indeed memorable. My first feeling upon entering the stadium court was one of great confidence and patience. I felt a willingness to stand on the court and push the ball back all afternoon and into the night, if necessary. When I reached my first set point at 6-5 I felt calm, though extraordinarily keen.

Helen Moody won that point and the game. I won the next and at set point again concentrated on steadiness. After a long rally the set was over.

Helen looked rather fatigued and I know that I had exhausted considerable of my energy. The second set went much faster than the first. Helen won it 6-3 and we went to the stadium dressing room for the ten minutes' rest. I felt tremendously refreshed after a cold shower and a moment's respite. Up to 3-love in the third set I had no intimation that Helen would be unable to finish the match. My only thought was to exert every power I possessed to keep my lead. I was even unconscious of the fact that it was time to change courts on the odd game, and I turned to the ball boy for the balls. While my back was turned my attention was attracted by the peculiar attitude of the gallery before me. Some sat with their mouths open; others began to comment loudly on whatever was occurring at the umpire's stand. And when I turned, curious to see what was happening, the umpire called the match for me by default.

Helen's explanation to me, that her leg was bothering her, was and is my only knowledge of the reason for her default.

Feeling, as do most tennis players, that tennis is only a game, I saw no reason why she should be persuaded to continue if she felt unable to do so.

That was all. The match was over, though the reverberations from it still persist. It seemed rather curious to me that an underlying motive for Helen's default should be sought. Every one who plays the game must lose as well as win.

Seven times I had taken Helen Moody's hand across the net, as the runner-up, and in finally accomplishing what I had been seeking so long to do I had but one thought: I had done my best and it had been good enough.

THE END

WORD-ENIGMA PUZZLE

By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

The answer to this puzzle is a well known quotation from Shakespeare which contains sixty-five letters. Guess the words defined below, and put the letters of each word in the positions designated by the numbers; when you have finished you will have completed the quotation. For instance, if a word was defined like this, "6-24-19-11—Organs of hearing," you would guess the word to be EARS, and put E for the 6th, A for the 24th, R for the 19th, and S for the 11th letters of the answer.

29-4-5-41-32-58-25—Imaginary line around the middle of the earth.

8-13-36-15-35-63-47—Grow better in health or quality.

18-59-37-11-34-43-53-65-16-38—Weight, consequence, value, significance.

24-2-45-23-19-62-50-10—District in northern Greece.

56-7-17—To go through the air.

1-44-27-52-49-3-14-55-9-40—Ordinal form of the unlucky number.

57-64-42-54-46-28-6-39-31-21-48—Act of voluntarily leaving office.

30-51-26-22-60—Cessation of life.

12-61-20-33—Ward off.

(The answer will be found on page 36)

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 21

1—Boastfulness.
2—The Mardi Gras.
3—Clearness of thought or expression.
4—One who destroys cherished beliefs; a radical.
5—A tilted or turned-up nose.
6—Calais.
7—The massacre of the French by the Sicilians in 1282.
8—Caracas.
9—August 22, 1851.
10—From a Gaelic word meaning water of life.
11—In 1865.
12—The Buddhist conception of the soul's emancipation.
13—Joshua Humphreys.
14—In New York City.
15—One that grows upon another plant but does not derive nourishment from it.
16—An absurd or malicious fabrication.
17—Bismarck.
18—The eve of a mythical saint's day; hence, a day that never comes.
19—The squire of Don Quixote in Cervantes's book of that name.
20—Czechoslovakia.

TO THE LADIES!

(Reading time: 4 minutes 5 seconds.)

HORATIO ALGER would have had a fine time writing about Paul Muni. The Muni career has been ever so *upward and onward,* in the good old Horatio Alger style.

When Paul Muni was eleven he started barnstorming with his folks, who belonged to a troupe of itinerant Jewish actors from Austria. Down South one time they had to change languages in the middle of the show. The audience didn't understand a word of Jewish. Not many words of English were shared between the players. But they got by somehow. The Muni luck carried them through.

Paul grew up in that game, and it was tough. A fifteen-cent *combination breakfast* lasted him all day. As a hobby, he collected theatrical wigs. Threw them all away when he became successful—they reminded him too much of the hard old times when each wig cost a week's pay. Practicing make-up for hours and hours is another hobby from which he has graduated, and for the same reason. Trouping, he had to play all kinds of parts, often two or three in the same show—had to use lots of make-up. Now he uses as little as possible. It reminds him!

Paul Muni

His Hollywood success, you know, is comparatively recent. He was telling me what it meant to him—what a relief it is from being always on the go.

"My wife and I have been married for thirteen years," he said, "and now, for the first time, we have a home that we can really call our own."

So they're off to Russia. To study the Soviet theater.

A GIRL I know has just married a man after twice breaking and twice mending her engagement to him. "They'll never get on," say some of her friends. "If they fought like that before, think how they'll fight now they're married!"

I am not convinced. In fact, I'm inclined to think otherwise. Three of the girls with whom I grew up broke and mended their engagements a number of times before they finally were led to the altar. All three of them, I know, have had happy marriages. Perhaps they and their young men worked the worst of their conflicts out of their systems before marriage. That's the only explanation I can find.

EVA LE GALLIENNE'S book about herself is interesting. It's called At 33. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

SOME weeks ago I published a letter from W. W. Garland of Los Angeles recalling an old-time lady gambler, Madame Mustache. I said I'd like to know more about her. Within a few days I received this entertaining communication from Buffalo, New York.

"I knew her well," writes Daniel Harney, "when I was a soldier in the 13th U. S. Infantry. I often played faro and twenty-one with her. Twenty-one was her favorite game. She was a small, dainty Frenchwoman with short curly hair parted on the side. She looked like a boy. She was married to Clubfoot Kelly, a gambler. I first met her in 1868 at Home Stake Gulch, now called Helena, Montana. At that time prospectors and soldiers were the only people living there. Madame Mustache and Clubfoot Kelly left for Panama when the Frenchman, De Lesseps, started building the Canal. Everything in Panama was wide open then, and the gambling profits were good. Kelly died in Panama. Madame Mustache returned to San Francisco and bought a home in the West End, where she lived in retirement. That was the last I heard of her."

The letter ends: "PS.—Written by Daniel Harney's niece, as his eyesight is failing. He is a G. A. R. man, aged 87."

QUITE a few doctors are saying that half a glass of champagne after each meal is just dandy for the expectant mother. They say it helps prevent nausea. The idea sounds so attractive and encouraging that I thought it might be propaganda against birth control. But no, it seems to be pretty authentic. I called up some doctors and asked them about it. Yes, they said, that's right; a little champagne is beneficial in many cases. Now will some one please make up a stein song for the expectant mama?

DO you or don't you stop them when friends preface a story with, "Stop me if you've heard this one"?

Do you say yes, you've heard it, then look with indifference upon their crestfallen faces? Or are you one of the soft-hearted listeners who let them tell it anyway, no matter how many times you've heard the fool thing? I have been trying to decide which is the better way.

I can't make up my mind whether it is more polite to be an honest story stopper or a fake listener. What do you think?

By **PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN**

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
FRANK
GODWIN

Night and a House of Mystery; Death and a Clutching Hand! Now the Thrills Begin to Arrive in

Bright incandescent lights beat pitilessly down on Perry Mason's face. On

The Case of the Ho

(Reading time: 27 minutes 3 seconds.)

PERRY MASON, well known criminal lawyer, is retained by Arthur Cartright to draw up a will and to have his next-door neighbor, Clinton Foley, forced to stop his dog's howling. Cartright is extremely nervous. Mason takes him to an assistant district attorney and a warning is sent to Foley about the dog.

The next morning Perry Mason receives a special-delivery envelope from Cartright, containing a written will in which nine tenths of his estate is left to Mrs. Clinton Foley and one tenth to Mason, provided he represents Mrs. Foley as attorney. The envelope also contains ten one-thousand-dollar bills as retainer for Mason's services.

Clinton Foley goes to the district attorney and enters a counter-complaint against Cartright, saying that he is mentally unbalanced. Perry Mason and a deputy sheriff go out to the Foley home to investigate. They see Mrs. Benton,

ht, seated at a little table, a shorthand reporter took down everything he said.

By

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

wling Dog

Foley's housekeeper, the Chinese cook, and others. Foley learns that his wife has gone out. He goes upstairs and brings down a note telling him she has gone away with Cartright.

Perry Mason hires Paul Drake, head of a detective agency, to trace the pair. Drake cannot find Cartright and Mrs. Foley, but he does discover that the woman is really Mrs. Arthur Cartright, and that Foley's real name is Forbes. The two families formerly lived in Santa Barbara and Mrs. Cartright eloped with Forbes and has since lived with him as "Mrs. Foley." Perry Mason tells Drake he is going to talk to Foley or Forbes.

PART FOUR—MURDER

"WELL," Drake told him, "every man to his taste, Mason. You may have your hands full. Foley's got the reputation of being a belligerent customer and having the devil's own temper."

Mason nodded absently, then walked back to his desk, sat down, and picked up the telephone.

"Della," he said, "get me Clinton Foley on the line."

"What's the idea?" asked Drake.

"I'm going to make an appointment with him."

"If he knows you're coming he'll have a couple of bouncers waiting to throw you out," the detective warned.

"Not after I get done talking with him he won't," Mason said grimly.

PAUL DRAKE sighed and lit a cigarette.

"A fool for a fight," he said.

"No, I'm not." Mason said.

The telephone rang, and Mason scooped up the receiver.

"Mr. Foley on the line," Della Street's voice said.

"O. K.," Mason told her.

There was a click of the connection, and then Foley's voice, vibrant with booming magnetism:

"Yes, hello, hello."

"Mr. Foley," said the lawyer, "this is Perry Mason, the attorney. I want to talk with you."

"I have nothing whatever to discuss with you, Mr. Mason," Foley said.

"I wanted to talk with you about the affairs of a client who lived in Santa Barbara," said Perry Mason.

There was a moment of silence. The buzzing noise of the wire was all that could be heard. Then Foley's voice came, pitched a note lower.

"And what was the name of this client?" he asked.

"Well," Mason told him, "we might agree on a tentative name of Forbes."

"Man or woman?" asked Foley.

"A woman—a married woman. Her husband had run off and left her."

"And what did you want to see *me* about?"

"I'll explain that to you when I see you."

"Very well. When will you see me?"

"As soon as convenient."

"Tonight at eight thirty?"

"Very well; I will be at your place at eight thirty tonight," said Perry Mason.

Paul Drake shook his head lugubriously.

"You do take the damnedest chances," he said. "You'd better have me go out there with you."

"No," Mason told him; "I'm going out there alone."

"All right," the detective said. "Let me give you a tip, then. You'd better go prepared for trouble."

"What do you mean, prepared for trouble?"

"Carry a gun," the detective said.

Perry Mason shook his head.

"I carry my two fists," he said, "and my wits. I fight with those."

"Have it your own way!" Drake remarked.

"How about the housekeeper?" said Mason. "You haven't told me about her yet."

"The housekeeper didn't change her name."

"You mean she was with Forbes before he became Foley?"

"That's right. Her name is Mrs. Thelma Benton. Her husband was killed in an automobile accident. She was employed as a private secretary to Forbes when he was in Santa Barbara."

"That's strange, isn't it?"

"Not particularly. You see, Forbes had an office in Santa Barbara where he transacted his business. Naturally, he was rather secretive about it because he was getting his affairs turned into cash."

"How about the Chinese cook?"

"He's a new addition. They picked him up here."

Perry Mason shrugged his broad shoulders.

"The whole thing sounds goofy," he said. "I'll tell you a lot more about it tonight, however. You'd better be in your office, Paul, so I can call you if I want any information."

"O. K.," Drake told him.

THE big house silhouetted itself against the star-studded sky. There was a wind blowing from the south, with a hint of dampness giving promise of cloudiness.

Perry Mason looked at the luminous dial of his wrist watch. It was exactly eight thirty.

He glanced behind him to see the tail-light of his taxicab vanishing around a corner. He saw no trace of any watchers who were on duty. With steady purposeful steps he climbed the stairs from the cement walk to the porch and walked to the front door.

It was ajar.

Perry Mason found the doorbell, pressed his thumb against it.

There was no answer.

He waited a moment, then rang again.

Perry Mason looked at his watch, frowned impatiently, and pounded on the door. There was still no answer.

Perry Mason stepped to the door, looked down the corridor, and saw a light coming from the door of the library. He pushed his way down the corridor and knocked on the library door.

There was no answer.

He turned the knob and pushed the door open.

The door moved some eighteen inches, then struck against something—an object which was heavy, yet yielding.

Perry Mason eased through the opening in the door—stared at the object which had blocked the door. It was a police dog, lying on his side, with a bullet hole in his chest and another in his head.

Blood had trickled from the bullet wounds along the floor, and when Mason had pushed the door open, moving the body, the stains had smeared over the hardwood floor.

Mason raised his head and looked around the library. At first he saw nothing. Then, at the far end of the room, he saw a blotch of shadow from which protruded something grayish, which proved on closer inspection to be the clutching hand of a man.

Perry Mason walked around the table and switched on one of the floor lamps so that he could see into the corner.

Clinton Foley was stretched at full length on the floor. One arm was outstretched, the hand clutching tightly—the other hand was doubled under the body.

Clinton Foley was stretched at full length on the floor. One arm was outstretched, the hand clutching tightly—the other hand was doubled under the body.

The man wore a dressing gown of brown flannel and had slippers on his bare feet. From the body was seeping a pool of red.

Perry Mason did not touch the body. He leaned forward and saw that there was an athletic undershirt showing beneath the bath robe where it had fallen open at the neck. He noticed also an automatic lying on the floor some six or eight feet from the body.

HE turned back to look at the dead man, and saw something white showing on his chin. He bent forward and observed that it was caked lather. Part of the face had been freshly shaven.

Perry Mason walked to the telephone from which he had called his office on the occasion of his prior visit, and dialed the number of Paul Drake's office. After a moment he heard Paul Drake's drawling voice.

"Mason talking, Paul," said Perry Mason. "I'm out here at Foley's house. Can you get in touch with the men you have watching the house out here?"

"They're going to call in in five minutes."

"All right," Perry Mason said. "As soon as these men telephone, get them to come to your office."

"Both of them?" asked Paul Drake.

"Both of them," Mason said.

"What's the big idea?" asked Drake.

"I'll come to that in a minute," said Mason. "I want

both of those men off the job and called into your office where I can talk with them."

"O. K.," Drake said; "I've got that. Anything else?"

"Yes. I want you to double your efforts to find Cartright and Mrs. Cartright. Now, here's something else."

"O. K.," Drake said. "Shoot!"

"I want you to find Mrs. Forbes."

"You mean the wife that was left behind in Santa Barbara?"

"Yes."

"I think I'm getting a line on her, Perry. I've had some reports that look hot. I think she's going to be turned up almost any minute."

"All right. Put on more men. Do anything you can."

"All right," drawled Drake. "Now tell me what's happened. What's the idea of all the commotion?"

"I think," Mason told him, "it will be better if you don't know anything about that. But keep those men sewed up tight."

"I'll have 'em on ice," Drake promised.

PERRY MASON hung up the phone, then dialed the number of Police Headquarters.

A bored masculine voice answered.

"Police Headquarters?" asked Mason.

"Yes."

"All right. Get this, and get it straight.

"This is Perry Mason, attorney at law. I am talking from the house of Clinton Foley at 4889 Milpas Drive. I had an appointment with Mr. Foley at eight thirty this evening. I came to the house and found the door ajar. I repeatedly rang the bell and no one answered. I walked into the corridor, came to the library, and found Clinton Foley dead. He's been shot twice, or perhaps more than that, with an automatic, at close range."

The voice came over the wire with sudden crisp interest:

"What's that number — 4889 Milpas Drive?"

"That's right."

"And what's your name?"

"Perry Mason."

"Perry Mason the lawyer?"

"That's right."

"Who's with you—anybody?"

"No."

"Who else is in the house?"

"No one that I know of."

"All right. Stay right there. We're sending the Homicide Squad right out."

Perry Mason hung up the telephone, reached for a cigarette, thought better of it, put the case back in his pocket, and walked back into the library. He made a hurried search of the library, then pushed his way through the door which opened from the rear of the library. He found that it opened into a bedroom. There was a light burning in the room and a suit of evening clothes was laid out on the bed. Mason walked across the room and into a bathroom. On a shelf above the washbowl in the bathroom was a safety razor, shaving cream, and a brush to which lather still clung. The safety razor had been used.

AROUND a water pipe leading to the bathtub was a dog chain, and near the dog chain was a pan of water. On the other side was another pan, which was empty. Perry Mason knelt and looked at that empty pan. The bottom of it was smeared with a greasy substance, and around the edges of the pan there were two or three particles of canned dog food.

The far end of the chain terminated in a spring catch so devised that a person need only press the prongs of the catch together to spread the jaws and liberate a dog who might be chained to it.

Mason walked back to the library, ignored the corpse of the man, went to the body of the police dog. There was a collar around the neck—a collar which was shiny with age and which bore a silver plate. On the silver plate the words, PRINCE, PROPERTY OF CLINTON FOLEY, 4889 MILPAS DRIVE, had been engraved. There was also a ring in the collar, in which the jaws of the spring catch on the end of the dog chain in the bathroom would have fitted.

Mason was careful to touch nothing, but moved about the room cautiously. He went back to the bedroom, through the bedroom to the bathroom, and made a second inspection.

Underneath the bathtub he caught sight of a towel. He pulled out the towel, and noticed that it was still damp. He raised the towel to his nostrils, smelled it, and caught the odor of a shaving cream.

As he straightened and pushed the towel back into the position where he had found it, he heard the sound of a siren in the distance.

Perry Mason walked through the library into the corridor, noticing as he did so that there was barely room enough for him to squeeze through the door without moving the body of the dog still farther along the hardwood floor.

He walked along the corridor to the front door, and met the officers as they came pounding up on the porch. . . .

Bright incandescent lights beat pitilessly down on Perry Mason's face. On his right, seated at a little table, a shorthand reporter took down everything he said.

Across from him, Detective Sergeant Holcomb stared at Mason with eyes that showed a combination of puzzled bewilderment and a vast irritation. Seated around in the shadows were three men of the Homicide Squad.

"You don't need to pull all that hokum," said Perry Mason.

"What hokum?" Sergeant Holcomb asked.

"All this business of the bright lights and all of that. You aren't confusing me any."

Sergeant Holcomb took a deep breath.

"Mason," he said, "there's something about this that you're holding back. Now, we want to know what it is."

"In other words, you think I shot him. Is that it?" Mason countered.

"We don't know what to think," Holcomb said irritably. "We do know that you represented a client who gave every indication of showing incipient homicidal mania. We know that you occupied an adverse position all the way along the line to Clinton Foley, the murdered man. We don't know what you were doing out there. We don't know how you got in the house. We don't know just who it is you're trying to shield."

"Maybe I'm trying to shield myself," Perry Mason remarked.

"I'm commencing to think so," Holcomb said.

"That," said Perry Mason in a tone of finality, "shows just exactly how good a detective you are. If you'd use your brains you'd realize that the mere fact I was a lawyer representing interests inimical to Clinton Foley would make him very careful what he said and what he did. His manner toward me would be one of extreme formality. I'd hardly be a friend that he'd receive in the informality of a bath robe, with a face that was half shaven."

"Whoever did that job," Sergeant Holcomb said, "broke into the house. The first thing that happened was when the dog heard the intruder. Naturally, the dog would have ears that were more keen than those of his master. His master let the dog loose and you had to shoot the dog in self-defense. At the sound of those shots Clinton Foley came running into the room to see what was the matter, and you let him have it."

"You're satisfied of that?" asked Perry Mason.

"It's commencing to look that way."

"Then why don't you arrest me?"

"BY God, I'm going to if you don't come clean on this thing! I never in my life ran on to a man in a murder case who was so delightfully indefinite. You say you had an appointment with Foley at eight thirty. But you don't produce any evidence to prove it."

"What sort of evidence could I produce?"

"Didn't any one hear you make the appointment?"

"I can't remember, I'm sure. I didn't pay very much attention to it when I made it. I just made it in a casual way."

"How about the taxicab that took you out there?"

"I tell you it was a cruising cab."

"You haven't got the cab receipt?"

"Certainly not. I don't go around saving receipts from taximeters."

"You don't remember what sort of a cab you went out in? Whether it was a yellow, a checker, or a red-top?"

"Hell, no! I tell you I don't remember all those details. I don't figure that I'm going to be cross-examined on everything I do. I'll tell you something else, too. As a detective you're a false alarm. The way you reconstruct the scene of that murder shows that you don't know what happened."

"Ah," said Sergeant Holcomb, in the purring tone of one who is about to betray another into a damaging admission. "Then you *know* what happened, do you?"

"I looked around," said Perry Mason, "the same as you did."

"All right," Sergeant Holcomb said. "Go ahead and tell me what happened, if you will be so good."

"In the first place," said Perry Mason, "the dog was chained up when the murderer went into the house. Clinton Foley went out and saw the person who had entered the house, and talked with him for a minute. Then he went back and turned the dog loose. Then was when the dog was shot, and after that Clinton Foley was shot."

"What makes you say all that?" asked Sergeant Holcomb. "You seem quite positive."

"Did you," asked Perry Mason, with scathing sarcasm, "happen to notice a towel lying partially under the bathtub?"

Sergeant Holcomb hesitated for a moment, then said, "What of it?"

"On that towel," said Perry Mason, "was shaving cream."

"Well, what of that?"

"THE towel was dropped there when Clinton Foley released the dog from the chain. Now, when a man shaves he doesn't put shaving cream on a towel. He only gets shaving cream on a towel when he is wiping the lather from his face. He does that hastily, when he is interrupted in the middle of his shaving and wants to clean the surplus lather from his face. Now, Clinton Foley didn't do that when the dog first barked or when he first heard the intruder. He went into the other room to see what the dog was barking about, and faced an intruder. He talked with this person, and while he was talking he was wiping the lather off his face on to the towel. Then something happened that made him go back and turn the dog loose. That's when the person fired the shot. You can figure it all out from the fact that there's lather on that towel, if you want to use your brain to think with."

There was a moment of silence in the room. Then a voice said, from the shadow which formed a circle beyond the beating illumination of the shaded incandescents: "Yes, I saw that towel."

"If," said Perry Mason, "you fellows would realize something of the significance of that towel, and preserve it as evidence, you might get some real proof about how the murder took place. You have that towel analyzed and you'll find it's packed with shaving cream that had been wiped from Clinton Foley's face. You notice there's a little lather left on his chin, but not a great deal—not as much as would be expected if he'd been shot while his face was lathered. Also, there's no trace of lather on the floor where his face was resting. I tell you, he wiped his face off on that towel."

"I don't see what's to have kept him from wiping his face before he started out to see who was in the other room," Sergeant Holcomb protested.

"Simply," said Perry Mason, "that he dropped the towel when he was unchaining the dog. If he had been going to unchain the dog in the first place, he wouldn't have wiped the lather from his face."

"All right," said Sergeant Holcomb. "Where's Arthur Cartright?"

"I don't know. I tried to find him earlier in the day. His housekeeper says he's gone away."

"Thelma Benton says that he ran away with Mrs. Foley," Sergeant Holcomb remarked.

"Yes," said Perry Mason; "she told me that."

"And that's what Clinton Foley told Pete Dorcas."

"So I understand," Mason said wearily. "Are we going to go all over that again?"

"No, we're not going to go over that again," said Sergeant Holcomb. "I'm simply telling you that it's exceedingly possible your client, Arthur Cartright, ran away with Mrs. Foley; that he heard from Mrs. Foley's lips a story of abuse she had suffered at the hands of her husband; that he went back, determined to kill Clinton Foley."

"And about the only evidence you've got to go on is the fact that Cartright was having some trouble with Clinton Foley and ran away with his wife. Is that right?"

"That's enough evidence to go on."

"All right," Perry Mason said, "I'm just going to puncture your theory right now. If that had happened,

and Arthur Cartright had gone back, he would have gone back with the deliberate intention of killing Clinton Foley—isn't that right?"

"I suppose so, yes."

"All right. If he had done that, he would have gone into the house, seen Clinton Foley, pointed a gun at him and gone *bang-bang* right away. He wouldn't have stood around and argued while Foley was wiping the lather from his face. He wouldn't have stood still and let Foley go back and unchain a savage police dog. You fellows don't look at the evidence and try to see where it points."

"Where does it point?" asked Sergeant Holcomb.

"Hell!" said Perry Mason wearily. "I've done damn' near all the detective work on this case so far. I'm not going to do *all* of your work for you. *You're* the one that's drawing pay for the job; I'm not."

"That'll do," said Sergeant Holcomb in a voice that quivered with indignation. "You can't sit here and insult me like that. You're not going to get anywhere with it, Mason, and you might as well realize it. This isn't a case where you're just an attorney. Damn it! You're a suspect."

"So I gathered," Mason said. "That's the reason I made the remark."

"Look here," Holcomb announced. "Either you are lying about going out there at eight thirty, or else you're being deliberately vague about it so that you can confuse the issue. Now, an examination shows that Foley was killed around seven thirty to eight o'clock. All you've got to do is to show where you were between seven thirty and eight and you'll be out of it as a suspect."

"I'M telling you," said Perry Mason, "that I don't know just what I was doing at that time. I didn't even bother to look at my watch. I went out and had dinner, strolled around and smoked a cigarette, walked around a little bit, thinking and smoking, picked up a cruising cab and went out to keep my appointment."

"And the appointment was at eight thirty?"

"The appointment was at eight thirty."

"But you can't prove it."

"Of course not. Why the devil should I have to prove the time of every appointment I've made? I'm a lawyer. I see people by appointment. I make lots of appointments during the day. Now I'll tell you something else. What the hell was to have prevented me going out to the house at seven thirty, killing Foley, taking a taxicab back uptown, picking up another taxicab, and coming out to the house at eight thirty to keep my appointment?"

There was a moment of silence in the room, and then Sergeant Holcomb said, "Nothing, as far as I can see."

"That's just the point," said Perry Mason. "Only, in the event I'd done that, I'd have been pretty much inclined to take the number of the taxicab that took me out there at eight thirty, and to have had witnesses to the fact that my appointment was at eight thirty, wouldn't I?"

"I don't know *what* you'd do," said Sergeant Holcomb irritably. "When you start in on a case you don't do anything logically."

"How about Thelma Benton?" asked Perry Mason. "What was she doing?"

"She's got a complete alibi. She can account for every minute of her time."

"By the way," said Perry Mason, "what were you doing at the time, sergeant?"

Sergeant Holcomb's voice showed surprise.

"Me?" he asked.

"Sure, you."

"Are you going to try and make me a suspect?" he asked.

"No," said Perry Mason. "I was just asking you what you were doing."

"I was on my way up to the office," said Sergeant Holcomb. "I was in an automobile somewhere between the house and the office."

"How many witnesses can you bring to prove it?" said Mason.

"Don't be funny!" Sergeant Holcomb told him.

"If you'd use your noodle, you'd see that I'm not being funny," Mason remarked. "I'm serious as hell. How

Here's Quickest, Simplest Way to Relieve a Cold

FOLLOW DIRECTIONS PICTURED BELOW

1. *Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets.*

2. *Drink Full Glass of Water. Repeat treatment in 2 Hours.*

3. *If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle. This eases the soreness in your throat almost instantly.*

NRA

Almost Instant Relief of Distress and Pains

If you catch a cold—don't take chances with "cold killers" and nostrums. A cold may be dangerous to take chances on.

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognized as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it often checks an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it. *And it brings prompt relief for pains of neuritis or sciatica that so often accompany a cold.*

That is because the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets are so made that they start working almost instantly. You can combat nearly any cold you get simply by taking BAYER Aspirin, drinking plenty of water and gargling with 3 BAYER Aspirin tablets crushed and dissolved in a half glass of water. Sore throat eases this way in two or three minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin. It dissolves almost instantly. And thus works almost instantly you take it internally. And for a gargle, it dissolves completely enough for this purpose. Get a box of 12 tablets or bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.

For Economy, Bottles of 24 or 100 Tablets.

For Pocket or Purse, Tin Boxes of 12 tablets.

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

SHE *could* have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.

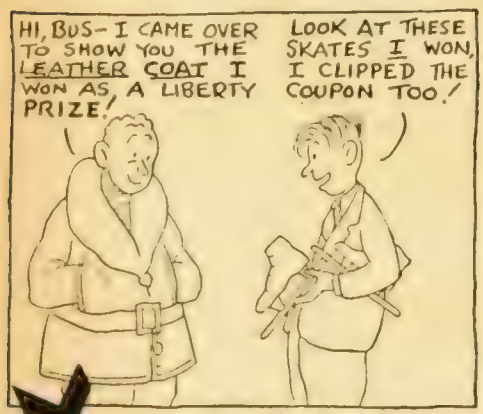
FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer -- samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk BK-59 St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

BOYS! HERE'S A BOY WHO SENT IN A COUPON LIKE THE ONE BELOW

Later . . .



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Lib. 2-3-34

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division
Macfadden Publications, Inc.
1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and earn money and prizes.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS..

CITY..... STATE

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

many witnesses can you bring to prove it?"

"None, of course. I can show when I was at my house, and I can show the time I arrived at the office."

"That's the point," said Mason.

"What is?" asked Sergeant Holcomb.

"The point that should make you suspicious about this perfect alibi of Thelma Benton's. Whenever a person can show an ironclad alibi covering what they've been doing every minute of the time, it's usually a sign that they've taken a great deal of care to perfect an alibi."

"Well," Holcomb told him wearily, "it's a cinch *you* haven't."

"Sure," said Mason. "And if you weren't so dumb, that would be the best proof of my innocence."

"And you can't prove that you went to the house at eight thirty?"

"Sure," said Perry Mason; "I can prove that."

"How?" asked Sergeant Holcomb.

"By the fact," Perry Mason said, "that I called Police Headquarters shortly after eight thirty and told them about the murder."

"You know that isn't what I mean," Sergeant Holcomb told him. "I mean can you prove that you just came there at eight thirty?"

"Certainly not; we've already gone over that."

"I'll say we've gone over it," Sergeant Holcomb said. "All right. I'm going to let you go. You're pretty well established here in town, and we can put our finger on you whenever we want you. I don't mind telling you I don't really think you did the murder, but I sure as hell think you're shielding some one."

"Suppose you tell me just how," Mason said.

"I BELIEVE," said Sergeant Holcomb slowly, "that Arthur Cartright ran away with Foley's wife; that she told him a story of abuse, and that Cartright came back and shot Foley. Then I think that Cartright called you and told you what he'd done, and wanted to surrender himself; that you told him not to make a move until after you got there; that you went out and started Cartright going some place in a hurry, while you waited fifteen or twenty minutes and then telephoned the police."

"What's that make me? An accessory after the fact or something of that sort?" asked Perry Mason.

"You're damn' right it would," said Sergeant Holcomb. "And if I can ever prove it, I'm going to give you the works."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Perry Mason.

"Glad to hear me say what?" rasped Sergeant Holcomb.

"That you're going to give me the works *if* you can prove it. The way you've been acting, I thought you intended to give me the works whether you could prove anything or not."

Sergeant Holcomb gestured wearily.

"Go ahead," he said, "and get out of here. Hold yourself in readiness so we can get you for further questioning if we want to."

PERRY MASON sat in Paul Drake's office. Paul Drake was in a creaky swivel chair behind a small battered desk. Against the far wall of the office two men sat uncomfortably in stiff-backed chairs.

"What," asked Paul Drake, "was the idea?"

"The idea in what?" Mason wanted to know.

"The idea in having me call the men off."

"I simply had everything that I wanted, and I didn't want the men to be found in the neighborhood."

"What was happening in the neighborhood?" Drake inquired.

"I don't know," Perry Mason said. "I didn't even know anything was going to happen. But I thought it might be a good idea to have the shadows called in."

"Listen," said Drake querulously. "There's a lot about this thing you're not telling me."

"Is that so?" asked Perry Mason, lighting a cigarette. "I thought you were supposed to find out things to tell me—not that I was supposed to find out things to tell you. Are these the two men who were on the job?"

"Yes. The man on the left is Ed Wheeler; the other is George Doake."

Perry Mason looked over at them.

"What time did you boys go on?"

"Six o'clock."

"Both of you were there all the time?"

"Most of the time. One of us would go and telephone every fifteen minutes."

"Where were you fellows? I didn't see you."

"We saw you all right," said Wheeler with a grin.

"Where were you?"

"We were quite a distance from the house," Wheeler admitted, "but we were where we could see everything that went on. We had night glasses and we were out of sight. There's a vacant house halfway down the block, and we were in that."

"All right," Mason said. "What I want you boys to do is to tell me exactly what happened."

What mysterious woman went to the Foley house on the night of the murder? Why did Perry Mason pour the perfume down the basin? The answers to these and other questions will appear in next week's installment of this thrilling novel of mystery and intrigue.

Answer to Word-Enigma Puzzle on Page 28

"The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven."

Doubling for the STARS

A Look at Hollywood Through the Eyes of Its Loveliest Death-Defier

OLIVE HATCH

(Reading time: 9 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE flood waters were at their height, carrying death and destruction in their mad rush. The roof of a house swept by. In the distance a human body, face upward, brought its evidence of tragedies. A tall stately girl ran (gracefully) down to the bank of the rushing stream and cast herself headlong into the raging waters. But merciful death was not to be hers. Two stalwarts leaped into the torrent. Gallantly they fought. Strong arms grasped the girl. A brief breath-taking struggle; the safety of the bank. The rescuers fell exhausted. Then a voice over all:

"Cut! That's lousy! Try again."

So it was that Garbo had once more to plunge into the raging torrent for unrequited love and $6,000 a week. All of which would be perfectly swell if the stately girl

By

RICHARD CARROLL

Billie Dove, Olive Hatch who doubled her, and six stunt girls who played motorboat polo in Man and the Moment. Miss Hatch is second from the right, Miss Dove fourth. Notice how much they look alike.

who plunged had been Garbo, and not Miss Olive Hatch, who was doing the job just as gracefully for twenty dollars a day.

Perhaps the most real thing on that set, including Garbo, was that same Olive Hatch. You would look twice at Olive if you passed her on the street. If you knew some of her accomplishments you would look a third time. She is a bit of a musician, something of a reporter, a good tennis player, bowler, equestrienne, and one of the twelve fastest women swimmers in the world. Besides all this she doubles for the stars.

Olive's university days were a strange mixture of studies, Russian dancing, skidding automobiles, leaping from burning buildings, music, basketball, tennis, archery, riding wild horses, and exams. In between times she managed to compete in amateur swimming championships in Florida, New York, Honolulu, and southern California, where she holds sprint records at 50, 100, and 220 yards, and 100 meters free-style.

It all began back in the good old days of the movies.

Fox Films was making The Folly of Vanity with Billie Dove as the star. The company was on location at Santa Cruz Island. At the time Olive Hatch was wondering where the money was coming from to pay her tuition, Fox sent out a call for good-looking dancers to fill out a scene.

For fifty dollars a week Olive decked herself in a mermaid costume, sat on a rock in the sun with other girls, and as a climax for the scene, fell twenty-five feet into the ocean for a fade-out. After that she decided she was going to be better than a good swimmer.

For eight years now, when not competing in American swimming contests or pursuing her studies, she has been taking the danger spots away from the stars.

Like Norma Shearer, for whom she has doubled, Olive was born in Canada. She left Truro, Nova Scotia, when she was about four. Her father was an American citizen, born in Freeport, Maine. Her mother was Nova Scotian, of French stock. The family went to Los Angeles in 1913. There Olive went through grammar school, high school, and university. There, too, she found her career.

"After I got my first break in The Folly of Vanity, picture-making captured me," she says. "Since then

I have doubled for more than twenty-five screen stars, performing athletic stunts in more than three dozen motion pictures, and in five of them almost losing my life. But the fun was worth it.

"It is amazing how one can gauge the future of a star by the star's attitude toward her double. Those who were helpful and solicitous, who saw that I took the minimum of risk with the greatest precaution, are today the greatest figures in moviedom. Make any comment you like on that.

"Norma Shearer went out of her way to be nice to me. I was to double for her in The Waning Sex. Conrad Nagel and Norma were doing a swimming scene in which she was supposed to beat him in the water to show that gals could do as well for themselves as boys.

"When I saw Norma in the water, with her long, graceful overhand stroke, I wondered what they wanted me for. But when we got through, I knew. The scenes had to be taken and retaken. When the final scene was shot, Norma was all in. So was I. They had to drag Conrad from the water, good swimmer and all that he is. We must have been swimming more than four hours.

"Billie Dove is another good sport. I was doubling for her in The Sensation Seekers. My part called for me to take her place when during a storm at sea she was to leave her cabin and come up on deck. At the right moment, when an assistant blew his whistle, four tons of water were to be let loose from overhead tanks, falling in front of me and giving the impression of a huge wave breaking over the boat. Everything went well except the whistle. That came too soon. The water came down on my head, sweeping me like a feather across the deck, banging me against the iron rail, and sluicing me down with the deluge into the sea. The falling water and the shock of it kept me under for two full minutes.

"Billie Dove did not leave me until the doctors at the hospital assured her I would be all right and had suffered nothing worse than a bruised leg bone.

"GRETA GARBO was another friendly actress. She always greeted me with a smile, and a hello spoken in her deep voice. I doubled for her in the first picture she made in America—The Torrent. I had to swim twenty-five yards under water and meet Nils Asther in an undersea embrace. Asther did the scene himself after watching me go through the rehearsals with his double. As far as I can remember, Miss Garbo didn't like it at all when she saw her compatriot embracing another girl. She was a little jealous of her Nils.

"Again, in Susan Lenox, in which Clark Gable was her leading man, the part called for Garbo to walk through a pouring rainstorm and gaze forlornly into a lighted window. Every one who has seen this picture will remember the scene. But few will know that it was myself who stopped, supposedly exhausted, and looked into the window as an artificial storm drenched me to the skin.

"Once when I was wondering where I was to get money enough to buy textbooks for my sophomore year in college, an old friend came to the rescue. It was Gus Corter of M.-G.-M. on the phone with a message: 'Be at the studio at nine. If you can run gracefully and fall through the ice like a lady, we'll give you twenty-five bucks.'

"So it was that in a big fur coat of rabbit skin, which was supposed to be the priceless mink coat that Greta Garbo was wearing, I ran (gracefully) about eighty-five yards down a snow-covered path (white chemical) and plunged (still gracefully) into the ice chunks (white wax) and disappeared, fur coat and all, in three feet of water.

"But if some of the scenes are faked, many of them are real enough. And if the stunt double must have courage, some of the stars have plenty of it too.

"Jack Holt was playing with Billie Dove in The Ancient Highway. The script called for much excitement over a log jam in the river. We were on location up in the State of Washington, in the heart of the logging country. The river was deep and fast, the logs slippery and heavy. Billie Dove was to be rescued by Jack as the rapids carried her down, with the floating logs menacing her on all sides. Fortunately Jack is a good swimmer.

"Taking the place of Miss Dove, I started across the river, jumping from log to log. At the proper time my foot slipped and I went down between two logs. Clinging to one of them, I had to wait until Jack came for me. Just as he reached me I had to let go as though exhausted. Then the rest of the scene would be taken in close-ups, nearer shore.

"In the middle of the river I slid from the log. Just as I got down, a huge log floated over me and caught me square in the back. In the swift current I couldn't get

Olive Hatch, doubling the leading lady, Nora Lane, is carried off by heroic Buck Jones in Pony Express.

Long shots of two of Miss Hatch's toughest spots as a double. Right: Among the logs in The Ancient Highway. Opposite page: Playing motorboat polo in Man and the Moment.

directly in the path of a speeding boat. The cameras, in another boat, would catch the scene at an angle and permit the speeding boat to pass not closer than six feet but giving the effect of actually hitting the girl.

"I tumbled into the water on schedule, and the speed boat came at me. Then a huge wave cut me off from the pilot's sight. He made for the spot where I was supposed to be. The waves hid me until he was on top of me. He saw me in the trough of one wave while he was riding the next one at thirty miles an hour. Only his coolness and skill saved me. He jerked the wheel over just in time, and the side of the craft just grazed my head. Another inch and I would have fed the fish.

"In Man Hunter I took Nora Lane's place when she had to jump off a cliff thirty or forty feet into a river. It was the first time I had tried that height, but I came through all right. But when the double for the hero tried it he fell, hurting his back. The director asked me to take his place. That day I needed shoes, a dress, and some books for college, so I dressed in man's clothes and jumped off again, getting a full day's pay for it.

"Perhaps in all Hollywood the toughest director to work for is Cecil B. De Mille. When De Mille wants realism he insists on getting it. In Dynamite he had us right under the falling rock when the coal mine collapsed. Why no one was hurt I don't know.

"In The Godless Girl, De Mille sent three stunt girls to the roof of the prison while the flames—real ones—licked at the lower floors. We were supposed to wait until his last-minute signal and then slide down a drainpipe to safety. But the pipe was red-hot. We ran to the fire escape in the rear. To our horror it was burning rapidly. The thing was made of wood! One of the girls screamed and made for another window. The rest of us pulled her back. It was a good fifty feet from the ground. We all ran back to the roof, and then I saw a small beam that crisscrossed to the floor below and connected with a scaffold. Down this we made our way to safety.

"Among the girl stars, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer are the pleasantest to work with. When I first met Joan we spent most of the time between scenes comparing physical measurements. She is not jolly on the set, or 'democratic,' or anything else save Joan Crawford, liked by all. Norma Shearer knows how to mix easily and gracefully.

"The contrast between these two girls and Greta Garbo is startling. No extra player around the set is permitted to watch Garbo at work, nor will she ever notice a player—save it be a Clark Gable, who won't be ignored by any woman. Garbo, of course, is the victim of her own ideas of publicity.

"As I said before, Jack Holt is my favorite actor among the men. Buck Jones is another favorite, both with myself and any cast he works with. John Barrymore, if he had not fallen hook, line, and sinker for the Royal Family legend, would be a swell fellow on a set. When he forgets to pose, he is a charming man."

THE END

out from under it. I held my breath until my lungs almost burst. Then Jack Holt, seeing I didn't come up, dived under the floating logs and swam to me under water. Fighting off the logs, he reached me just in time and pulled me out. From then on Jack was a real-life hero to me.

"The nearest I have come to disaster, I think, was while doubling for one of the leading girls in Man and the Moment. We were three miles out on the Pacific. The scene called for a game of water polo played with motor boats. The girls stood up in the prows of the speeding boats and tried to knock a huge rubber ball over an imaginary goal line. Six boats took part, three on each side. Sometimes the boats collided and the girls—six of the best stunt girls in Hollywood—took nasty spills. The heroine was next supposed to fall overboard

VOX POP

SCHOOLED BY OLD-TIMERS TO GET REVENGE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—In a recent Liberty editorial the statement was made that "A country which will not take care of its young is rapidly approaching degeneracy."

President Roosevelt's C. C. C. has probably saved a lot of young fellows—though it's too late for me—but it, the C. C. C., cannot reach all the boys who have been placed in terrible temptation by the depression.

And make no mistake—nine out of ten boys who go to prison come out different human beings. Most of them have been schooled by the old-timers to get revenge, to make it tough for the cops and run up bad records. Look up prison statistics and you will be appalled by the number of persons in jail who are under twenty-one. Unless something far-reaching is done America will in a few years have the greatest crime wave in her history.

Unless this nation takes better care of its coming generation, its degeneration will be even more rapid than Liberty prophesied.—*A Convict Doing Time.*

FORCED TO WORK FOR NOTHING

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—While the state sales tax has been declared valid, it is extremely doubtful if merchants can be forced to act as tax assessors without any form of compensation.

It would prove most interesting if local store owners, acting as a body, would file labor claims against the state for duties performed as revenue collectors.

Investigators are drawing two hundred dollars monthly for checking up on sales-tax collectors.

Yet the shopkeepers who actually collect the money are not only forced to work for nothing, but have to pay a fee for the privilege of gathering money for the state!

The conditions as described should prove to all fair-minded citizens that the sales tax on merchandise, including food, is not a just law.—*Victor Ehrman.*

★ ★ ★ ★

FOUR-STAR LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C.—During the past year the subject of lynching has been forcefully brought to the attention of the American people through the lynching in Somerset County, Maryland, of a young Negro who confessed to the brutal assault of an aged white woman, and through the lynching of Thomas H. Thurmond and Jack Holmes, confessed slayers of Brooke Hart, handsome twenty-two-year-old son of a California merchant.

Lynching derives its name in this country from Charles Lynch, a patriotic citizen who lived in Virginia, and who during the Revolutionary War took it upon himself to punish lawless persons. It was, however, practiced in England before this country was ever settled.

In the Maryland case the people had become incensed over the delayed punishment of another Negro whose sentence of death by a court of that state had been delayed for months through the influence of a group of people—mostly of the city of Baltimore—styling themselves "Communists." Made up from the ignorant classes of both the white and colored population of Baltimore, this group through its size alone had political influence enough to importune the Governor to delay the sentence of the offender—although his guilt had been proved beyond a doubt—and their wishes were carried out.

As in all large cities, Baltimore is made up of many strata of society; but outside of that city the State of Maryland is made up of conservative people, many of them descendants of the first settlers of our country. The colored population of the state is, on the whole, quiet and peace-loving. Consequently, when one of the citizens of the town of Princess Anne, a woman of advanced age, was assaulted by a Negro, the entire surrounding country was shocked. In their opinion, state officials had proved by past actions that justice could not be expected; so they took matters into their own hands and, borne on a storm of righteous indignation, swept all law and order before them and punished the offending man summarily. Although the participants were citizens of the surrounding country, subsequent investigation failed to identify any of them.

In the California case, when advised of the lynching of Brooke Hart's murderers, Governor James Rolph of that state declared: "This is the best lesson that California has ever given the country. We show the country that the state is not going to tolerate kidnaping."

It is for the people of the United States, and the people alone, to do away with the necessity for lynching. We have petty laws governing our daily movements—our drinking and various manners of living—but no uniform laws for the control of the serious crimes of assault, kidnaping, murder, etc. We desperately need the enactment of uniform laws governing all serious crimes, enforcement of such laws by honest authorities in whom power has been vested, and complete carrying out of the judgments of our courts in these cases. Until such a system is put into effect there will always be lynching.

Think of the money we spent for the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Instead of stemming the drinking of a nation, it merely served to increase it. A free people would not tolerate such childish treatment, and now, after the expenditure of millions of dollars, the Eighteenth Amendment is unanimously declared a failure and repealed.

Would it not have been better to have expended this money for the protection of our people from the human vultures who are so freely preying upon them? We are on trial before the entire world. Our country is no longer a child. It is for the people of the United States to decide whether they shall go on behaving like beleaguered frontiersmen at the mercy of a handful of savages, or whether they shall capture and put them where they can do no further harm to life and limb and to the progress of humanity.—*Margaret E. Jordan.*

Miss Jordan gets $25 for the above. Liberty will pay $25 for every communication which the editors think sufficiently outstanding to be published as a Four-Star Letter. We don't guarantee to print one every week; but when we get them we'll publish and pay for them.

HERE'S YOUR BREAK, TEXAS

LONGVIEW, TEX.—Let me congratulate you on the splended story of Jean Harlow's life, which has been completed in December 30 Liberty. This Adela Rogers St. Johns is quite a writer; give us some more of her stories.

How about giving Texas a break and print this letter?—*Dixie Jane Linthicum.*

LADY, USE YOUR IMAGINATION!

SARNIA, ONT.—Of all the idiotic questions one finds in Vox Pop! Replying to the one in December 23 by a member of the fair sex as to how Tarzan manages "to keep clean-shaven and with a nice haircut when a bit of rag or a piece of leopardskin is all the luggage" he carries, if the inquisitive one were half as smart as the author—well, well, we'll let it go at that. Use your imagination. Burroughs does. — *S. W. Davidson.*

CHICAGOAN THINKS TARZAN HAS TURNED SISSY

CHICAGO, ILL.—Referring to the installment of Tarzan and the Lion Man in Liberty of December 23—who ever heard of Tarzan having adhesive tape on his shoulder? Why, he never used tape for a scratch or a bruise of any kind.

He is so tough that a scratch like that would never cause him to use tape. There's something wrong!

PS. Maybe a fly bit him.—*M. D. S.*

A POTENTIAL PISTOL FACTORY

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Attorney-General Cummings's article in December 23 Liberty, on How You Can Prevent Crime, contains the usual clause of how to perpetuate it—that is, disarm the citizen and arm the criminal by prohibiting (prohibition again!) the manufacture and sale of arms.

Any machinist and an upstairs flat is a potential pistol factory and can turn out a very serviceable weapon. Result: citizens unable to protect their families or business, and criminals armed. The Constitution states: "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."—*Lyle Garrison.*

THE CAPTAIN WANTS AN ARMY OF HIS OWN

BELLOWS FALLS, VT.—Some people think that the life of a C. C. C. is a picnic. Well, it isn't. I'm a C. C. C. myself. We work five days a week in the woods, and then we go back to camp to be a soldier. All we need now is a gun and pack. We can't even lie in bed on our day off. We have a captain who is a military bug and everything has to be regulation.

They told us when we signed up that we were not to be soldiers, but I guess the captain wants an army of his own.

If Franklin D. Roosevelt wants the C. C. C. to continue he had better put his army and reserve officers back where they belong.—*A C. C. C.*

"PUERILE, ILLOGICAL, BIASED, UNADULTERATED"

DECATUR, ILL.—In reference to a recent Liberty editorial entitled Government Ownership Means Slavery, must say that for puerile, illogical, biased, untruthful, unadulterated "hooey," the verbal exposure of abysmal ignorance and asininity misnamed an "editorial" sure takes the cake.

Where could any one with a thimbleful of brains get the idea that government operation of railroads during the war even approximated ownership as advocated by socialists? The same executives who managed the railroads before the war mismanaged them during and since the war. Government operation just meant that the old pork barrel was made more accessible to the railroad crowd. Good old Uncle Sam "took over" the railroads, then handed 'em back and said, "Go as far as you like, boys. I'll pay the bills. Heads you win —tails I lose."

If that is socialism, I'll throw my card away.

If it is true that one learns by one's mistakes, and learns in proportion to the number of one's mistakes, then you are sure in line for the plush-lined Ph. D. degree with all the trimmings, for the mistakes in that article are *legion.*—*William J. Gray.*

WANTED: AN EDITORIAL ON INVESTMENT BANKS

MEDFORD, ORE.—In confirmation of the timely editorial in December 23 Liberty, Easing of Bank Credits Our Greatest Need, the two leading banks in Portland, Oregon, have but 25 per cent of their deposits loaned. These two banks have twenty-seven branches in the State of Oregon and the same ratio of loans to deposits prevails in the branches.

Have another editorial on Easing of Credits in Investment Banks to encourage loans to stimulate building, as every community appears to have a shortage, especially in dwellings. This program would provide a real stimulus to every line of business.—*B. L. Barry.*

FORGETTING ABOUT THE DESSERT

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I'm amazed at the lack of intelligence the Vox Pop editor has recently shown. Haven't you received any criticism on Rafael Sabatini's marvelous story, Hearts and Swords? Printing the best piece of literature Liberty has contained in I don't know how long, and failing to follow it up with a few comments from the readers!

That's just like serving a grand meal and then forgetting all about the dessert.—*J. J. Frankel.*

WANTS ANOTHER PARROTT

ALAMOGORDO, N. M.—Permit me to express my deepest appreciation of Ursula Parrott's story Forever, Perhaps.

I found it fascinating and sent it to some friends who live in the hills of Tennessee, who are too poor to buy even Liberty, but I well know the pleasure it will bring them.

Please let us have another story by this gifted author.—*Clara Ruch.*

HOW'S THIS FOR A WORD—BARIUMPLATINOCYANIDE?

MISSION, TEX.—May I make a correction regarding the story Shining Death by Beatrice Grimshaw?

Radium rays, like X rays, are entirely invisible unless impinging on an especially prepared chemical material. This material may be bariumplatinocyanide (and certain related compounds), willemite, kunzite, certain zinc-sulphide crystals, etc.

Luminous watch figures are visible only because they contain a radioactive salt *as well as* a material made luminous by it. It is impossible for radium eaters to glow in the dark.—*Thaddeus H. Baker.*

SEEING IS TREEING THEM

MIDLAND, TEX.—In the December 30 issue of Liberty, H. R. McBride, the cartoonist who illustrated an article by John W. Heisman, shows a diamondback rattlesnake hanging by its tail from a branch of a tree several feet above the ground.

Unless some one was kind enough to climb up this tree and then tie the rattler there, the illustration is all cockeyed, because rattlesnakes don't climb trees.

It appears to me that many artists and illustrators of both stories and advertisements would do well to spend a few moments in research before they begin work on an illustration and try to have some semblance of reality in their drawings.—*Raymond L. Hughes.*

[Audubon, the artist-naturalist, also drew a picture of a rattlesnake up in a tree. He too was much criticized for it. But a high authority on American reptiles says rattlesnakes of one large Southern species can—though they rarely do—climb a few feet into brushy bushes or to the tops of rail fences. On the climbing powers of an imaginary rattler out to startle a self-conscious young football player, as in Mr. Heisman's article, all authorities are silent!—THE EDITOR.]

MORE SHORTS ON THE WAY—TAKE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE

MERIDIAN, MISS.—Who wants to wait from week to week for the rest of a story?

Why not more short stories? As you know, the way the world is going now, we may not live for the next week's issue.—*J. B. D.*

"I SHOULD TEACH THEM TO BE SELFISH!"

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I am the father of six sons and am at a loss to decide just how to raise and educate them and for what.

Shall I follow the golden rule and teach them to respect the laws, to live in obedience of them, to be truthful, contented, sincere, courteous, considerate of others, also unselfish, when in my own mind I am convinced that the majority of our successful men of today observe or have few if any of the abovementioned virtues?

If I wish them to be successful in accumulating any great portion of this world's goods, to prepare them to do so —if I follow the dictates of my own judgment in the matter—I should teach them to be selfish, greedy, deceitful, the art of technical violation of laws, to trust no one (least of all bankers and politicians), the fine arts of chiseling, and last but not least, to cultivate the acquaintance of those in high places (handshaking for unearned favors). This is my S O S. Can you help me?—*John A. Jennings.*

IS THAT FAIR?

SOUTH BEND, IND.—I am wondering why some one doesn't raise a fuss about the ease with which the large corporations and certain individuals get around the laws which tax us.

Today a banker told me that all of the large corporations of this city write checks on their treasurer. These are cashed by the banks, and at the end of the day the corporation issues one check to the bank or clearing house—having to pay only two cents for all the checks cashed in a single day—perhaps thousands of them! Is that fair to the small business man who finds it necessary to issue any number of checks to transact business through the day?—*Liberty Reader.*

SHOW HIM THIS

SALINA, KAN.—I was commenting to a friend how much I enjoyed Vox Pop. He informed me that Liberty wrote all the letters themselves, using fictitious names and addresses. He asked me to write and see if you would print this.—*Katherine Morrison.*

TSK! TSK! SHOULD THEY CAN THEM?

VANCOUVER, B. C.—I am certainly in accord with that vox-popping Russian authority, A. W. Meyerson, who, in the December 9 issue, criticized you Americans for recognizing and trading with Russia.

Why, those murdering Bolshies are actually raising the standard of living of the people in these hard times. Another thing, too: they produce crops over there, and then the darn' fools turn around and consume them. Tsk! Tsk!—*Adanac.*

HE WANTS CHECKERS AND CHESS

ROME, N. Y.—I agree with H. C. Bailey, U. S. N., who vox-popped in Liberty January 13 about a good chess problem each week. Why not combine it with a good checker problem, too? They both go together.—*Frank J. Valvo.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Bear Went After the

By T. MORRIS

(Reading time: 20 minutes 45 seconds.)

BIG wind-browned David Gillvy had come six hundred miles because Ellen Tomson had penned three words on a dance invitation. For two years it had been his dream to come.

The evening had buffeted his dream. In the sleeper he had lain awake realizing that he was actually going to see Ellen, to dance with her, talk with her. He would talk as he had wanted to talk that day at Shelter Lake. And after that — there would be only her father to conquer.

"The Sartain" had not sounded formidable on the invitation. People in New York, he knew, didn't have homes. But one glance at the hotel shook him. Appallingly expensive place to give a dance! And why did the Tomson dance require two floors? Did Ellen know all these people?

He found her, at last, where the gadflies in evening clothes were thickest, and he felt momentarily himself again as she cried, "Oh, Dave, how perfect of you to come! I'm simply dying to hear everything."

But she had gone to die in some one else's arms. He cut in, only to have her taken in ten yards, in five. He had seen men drinking in an adjacent room. As he sat with his glass he caught the voices of two men near by.

"He's the Great Bear of Wall Street all right," said one. "No wonder they call him the Dipper. Tomson the Dipper! He wasn't called that two years ago. Came to town with twenty thousand, they say."

"Coutts calls it two million now."

"Probably more. A good break for Ellen. She deserves it. She's been a wonder since his wife's death."

"Rating two million hasn't changed her."

Dave moved away. Ellen with two million! And he'd thought he had done well to save nine thousand. This was a joke he could never tell in camp. He looked at his watch. Quarter to four. Pat, who guarded the mine's old shell, would be rousing to put wood on the fire.

There was Tomson, standing by the bar, the same big heavy buster with sharp slate-gray eyes. Dave would go tell him that he liked the party. A good joke, that.

"Glad you do," Tomson replied. Sorry I couldn't get up last spring. Too busy making money."

"Make it next spring?" asked Dave.

"Bet your hip boots. I'll have all my lines in down here. Making money?"

"I haven't found the vein yet. But I'm on its trail."

"Make money, boy. Grow up and grab it! No time like the present. They told me there was a depression. I took advantage of it. That's the way, boy. Take advantage, Gillvy. Have a drink?"

"See, Mr. Tomson? That's gold. Low-grade ore, I'll admit, but it's here."

The Story of a Girl and a Golden Secret

Mountain

LONGSTRETH

Others surrounded the famous operator, and Dave, reenforced, went back to the dance. He saw Ellen floating serenely down the spate of dancers. He stepped in.

"We're going to dance, and I'll strong-arm any puppy who tries tagging me! Then we're going somewheres to breakfast. Do you know it's almost breakfast time at the camp?"

"You haven't changed a bit, Dave." She sounded glad. . . .

"Is this where millionairesses eat breakfast in New York?" he asked dubiously. It was a quiet little place of the Childs order.

"Usually. But why that dirty dig?"

"To get it out of my system."

"I hope it's all out." She was charmingly severe. She soon got him talking about his work.

"I know the vein's there, Ellen, on the property. The rest have given up. But I won't! I've got geology on my side. I've got Mother Earth helping."

"She isn't enough," Ellen said. "Why not talk to father about it?"

"Did you ever talk to your father about gold mines?" Dave laughed. "I mentioned the situation that day. What he said wouldn't help the industry. He must've been bitten by a gold mine once."

She laughed. "Dave, you're great. I must get some sleep, I suppose. Do you think you can find your way to our house for lunch? At two?"

"I'll be there."

"DADDY," remarked Ellen some days later. "You remember that Mr. Gillvy who took me fishing at Shelter Lake?"

"And kept you out in that thunderstorm? Naturally I remember him. A fine specimen of backwoodsman ruined by gold fever."

"He's hardly a backwoodsman, dad. He comes from an old Toronto family. He thinks you're marvelous, daddy—a new kind of Napoleon. He's coming up to your office this morning just for a few minutes."

Tomson threw down the newspaper. "What's he want? Probably a loan to get back to Canada on."

"He didn't confide what he wanted." Ellen's voice was firming. "Daddy, you're funny. You're so nice under the surface. And so's Mr. Gillvy. You'd like him. Only he's got your horrible independence and ambition."

"He has, has he? I'm going to be busy this morning."

"Good! He'll be all the more interested." Ellen's chin copied her father's in portent.

Tomson picked up the paper. No daughter of his should marry into the bush of Canada.

"Shall I tell Mr. Gillvy to be there a little before the market opens?"

"I thought we'd settled that, Ellen. I remember now. He's already involved in some mine that was a flop. He probably wants me to buy it."

"On the contrary. He made me promise never to mention it."

Tomson rose. "Very well. Tell him to be at my office at ten."

"That's sweet of you, dad. You'll be nice to him, I know. Or else—"

That unspoken threat was Ellen's mistake. Tomson inwardly determined to be Napoleon for once—and exterminate the enemy.

"My daughter tells me that you have something on your mind," he said when he and Dave had shaken hands.

"I came in, Mr. Tomson, to ask a practical question. The time may arrive when I'll want to accumulate stock. I want to know how a man does that without shooting up the price?"

"There's lots of ways. First, keep your mouth shut. First and last. Work through different offices, different cities. Sell occasionally. Change your speed. Wait a week, a month. Memories are short. Put out the publicity that suits you. Something depends on the kind of stock."

"A gold mine that—"

"Wait!" snapped Tomson. "Didn't I warn you to keep your mouth shut? You don't know me. You don't know what advantage I might take."

"I'll risk it." Dave smiled broadly. "I remember your views on gold stock, and particularly the Maltreux Mine."

"So you still think it's good?" asked Tomson, shuffling papers.

"Nature doesn't lie," affirmed Dave. "It's got to be good."

"And you propose sinking the rest of your capital in it?"—scornfully.

"Not at once. I have thirty-eight thousand shares left from the old days. They're quoted at two and a half to three and a half cents a share. But if I run down the vein the stock will bounce back to the five dollars it once was and then climb. Well, I have about nine thousand dollars, which I'd only put in if I knew the vein was there. That's why I'm asking a professional about accumulation. The stock is widely held. The Maltreux was popular once, but most of the crowd's faith in it is gone."

"But yours isn't?" Tomson's voice rose as he remembered that he was intending to exterminate this pretender to Ellen's hand. "Take my advice. Sell out. Get three cents a share, if you can. And then forget mines and mining stock."

Dave lifted his bulk from the chair. "Thanks, Mr. Tomson."

"You don't like my advice, then?" Tomson felt his wrath growing.

"It doesn't fit in with my plans. But I'll take advantage of your instructions as to accumulation."

"You couldn't. It's not in you. You didn't observe the first and most important—about keeping your mouth shut. I'm a stranger and you've given me the opportunity to take your mine away from you—if I was out to buy dirt. Grow up!"

"I'll remember that," said Dave, flushing.

ON the far side of the door he swore quietly and was glad that two hours must elapse before his farewell meal with Ellen.

Tomson pushed the buzzer vehemently for his secretary.

"Andrews," he snapped, "we've got a job cut out for us. That young fool Gillvy privately supposes that he is going to marry my Ellen."

"It takes two to that agreement, does it not, sir?"

"Three!" shouted Tomson. "I'm the third."

He proceeded then to give orders which resulted later in some entries in Andrews's ledger:

Dec. 11. Bought 10,000 Maltreux, 3¢.
8,000 Maltreux, 4½¢.
52,000 Maltreux, 6¢.
Dec. 12. Bought 18,000 Maltreux, 8¼¢.
4,500 Maltreux, 10¢.
Dec. 14. Sold 10,000 Maltreux, 9¢.
2,500 Maltreux, 7½¢.
Dec. 18. Bought 15,500 Maltreux, 8¢.
7,500 Maltreux, 8½¢.

And so forth.

During these days David Gillvy was traveling back to his work with a new determination in his heart and a kiss on his lips.

Winter ebbed. Pat, the mine watchman, was recalled. The machinery could take its chance. With April, Dave's option on the property lapsed. His stock of food was going and despair honeycombed his confidence. Tomson would have found him an ugly customer the day he went to fetch his tools. He would indulge himself in some respite in Toronto. He would never give up, for giving up was symbolical of losing Ellen.

At the end of C Gallery he heard water. Clearly it was falling beyond the wall of rock. The fantastic notion of breaching the wall and discovering the source of this sound appealed to him. He brought drill and powder and worked by himself. It was hard work and welcome. That was his goal now. He set the fuse and retreated.

The dull roar gratified him. He keyed his hearing for the rush of water. Nothing happened. He cursed then as he had never cursed before. Holding his light before him, he explored.

SOME time it was before his eyes took in the result—a jagged hole into blackness, wetness. The light disclosed a crack going down to the earth's inwards, going up toward the invisible day. It was just a fault, a parting of the rock, with the opposite lip wet by water aproning down from the spring seepage above.

Dave thrust his head and the light through the jagged wall. The water drops threw back a thousand sparkles. Just at the edge of vision he saw the vein, the wondrous vein, studded with knobbets of free gold—the Shelter Lake vein.

No one must know. He was an interloper, technically. But he would take advantage. He had earned it! He dragged boarding to conceal the hole, and hours later emerged from the mine with the stealth of a grave robber. He was still shaky as he shaved. He was going on a journey.

"And a good thing, too," concurred Waterson. "You look bushed, Dave. I was just coming over to your place with a message."

Dave read the wire:

SPRING FISHING TRIP BEGINS SAME PLACE SAME TIME WILL YOU BE THERE ELLEN

The train was rumbling in. He wired back:

SURE SO WILL THE FISH WRITE PARTICULARS SAME ADDRESS THINKING OF YOU DAVE

That night he refused to relinquish a moment of his happiness by going to sleep. The train lumbered steadily south.

"Accumulate—accumulate." And "First, keep your mouth shut. First and last." For forty hours the train's rhythm pounded that message into Dave's brain. At three cents a share he could almost double his holdings, and perhaps it might be even two cents now. Bigbee, his friend, the broker who had employed him, could be trusted. But Dave decided to sound him out first.

"Why, hello, Dave!" Bigbee held out his hand. "Where've you been?"

"New York among other places." Dave was being caution itself.

"I suppose they're bluer than ever. And rightly. Their market's going still lower. Some day people will want dividends and wake up to our golds."

"They can have mine." Dave forced a smile. "I still have that block of Maltreux."

"You have?" Bigbee was all interest. "How much do you want for it?"

"Is it worth a cent a share yet?" Dave was grinning now.

"A cent! Good Lord, man, where've you been? It was fifty-two cents bid, fifty-five asked, a few minutes ago."

Dave wondered if the cold dismay in his veins showed. "Fifty-two cents for that stuff?" He managed to sound incredulous. "I thought you couldn't give it away. Who's buying it?"

"Montreal, Chicago, Detroit, even the public here. You know what they're like, once a stock is observed rising. I'm keeping as many clients out as I can. It looks like just one more raw deal for the lambs. I suppose you'll unload?"

"I'll think it over. I'll look in before three, Mr. Bigbee."

Dave got himself out on the street. In his mind he had written Ellen, kissed Ellen, told her of the rainbow's end. And now the chance for quiet accumulation had gone.

Who had been buying it? What rumor could possibly have leaked out? Dave went to a hotel and sank into a profound period of thought.

JOHNNY MEADE, privileged reporter of the Toronto Citizen, lit another of Dave's cigarettes and waited; one didn't rush Dave.

"Listen, Johnny." And Dave began. When he ended, Johnny was sitting on the edge of his chair. "Good God, Dave! It's a wow! It's—"

"Leave that for the moment," said Dave quietly. "I'll see Bigbee. He's the other man I can trust. If the damned stock goes on up, we can at least pyramid. Above all, keep it dark, Johnny."

"You be the pyramid and I'll be the Sphinx," said Johnny. "Cheerio!"

Andrews laid a newspaper clipping from the Toronto Citizen before Tomson, saying, "I guess we can rest from our labors, sir."

Tomson's slate-gray eyes lighted as he read:

GILLVY DOWN FROM THE NORTH WITHOUT MINE NEWS

David Gillvy, while still confident that there's gold in them thar hills, has returned from the Maltreux property for an indefinite stay.

When approached for an opinion as to whether the long lost Shelter Lake vein would ever be located, he said emphatically that he thought it would, but that he was through looking for it.

The prospector expressed great surprise at the recent rise in Maltreux from a low of 2½ cents to a high of 57. "I know nothing about it," he said. "I was in the bush and didn't even hear that it was taking place. I can't imagine why the stock should have got active at this time, or who is buying."

"Isn't he a fool!" exclaimed Tomson. "He might have at least been mysterious about it and run the thing up to a dollar. What's it quoted at now?"

"Forty-one to forty-three, sir. We didn't get the whole half million you wanted—405,000 exactly, to average seventeen cents. Shall I start to unload, sir?"

"Support the stock today, Andrews. Then feed it to them. We'll be stuck with some, of course. But I think the need for it is over. I'll find out more on this trip north."

The North was working for David Gillvy at last. The

"Daddy, I love you!" Ellen hugged the bear.
"Dave's got over a hundred thousand shares."

fishing was no good—too cold. Tomson fumed. He had not referred to their last parting. After a gibe or two he did not mention the mine. And Ellen was the same radiant sympathetic Ellen.

Of his discovery Dave had said nothing. He was biding a certain hour. Johnny was the impatient one, practicing the flapping of flapjacks in secret and mastering the difference between a deer and a moose. Johnny was a city boy, but he was really enjoying getting calluses as Dave's guide. At nights he slipped over to Waterson and collected messages for his employer. The two sat up late by a lantern and made entries in an account book: "1,000 Maltreux, 26¢. 2,300 Maltreux, 23½¢. 4,100 Maltreux, 19½¢. 6,000 Maltreux, 17¢." And so on down the scale.

Johnny scratched his head. "Where's it coming from? Why did it go up? Why's it coming down? In floods! Oh, why did Sherlock Holmes have to go and die?"

Dave had no answers. He said little until the day of Bigbee's final wire:

BOUGHT 55000 AT 4½ TODAY REACHED LIMIT SET ADVISE.

It was time to move, especially as the drizzle continued and Tomson, in his wrath, might up and leave the cursed country. So David asked Ellen if she would care to go down the mine. This insured Tomson being of the party. By the time he had reached the bottom of the shaft he had worked himself into a mental lather.

"So this is where you sunk your money!" he grunted.

"Sunk is right," agreed Dave. "Hundreds of feet of shafts and more hundreds of galleries. Johnny, throw up the light. See, Mr. Tomson? That's gold. Low-grade ore, I'll admit, but it's here."

"Very comforting!" bellowed Tomson sarcastically. "You brought me down to make appreciative remarks, I suppose. Gold! The one commodity that presents no selling problem, no depreciation. The one safe investment. A splendid thing to have. Why, in no time of history has a gold mine not been the most prized possession. I must congratulate Mr. Gillvy on his fortune in acquiring one. Unless"—and Tomson shot a look at Dave—"unless he had sense enough to sell out on the recent mysterious flurry?"

"No, I didn't," confided Dave.

"You wouldn't," retorted Tomson acridly. "Didn't I say you couldn't take advantage?"

Johnny's hands were in his pockets and a bland faraway smile played beneath his guide's unshavenness.

Dave was laughing. "Don't be too hard on me, Mr. Tomson. I don't own the whole mine, you know."

"Why not? Why not?" The man was vinegar. "An opportunity like this doesn't knock twice."

"Well, here's the door," said Dave.

A GOOD deal of quiet work had been done since the discovery, and now Dave, shoving some boards aside, sprayed the glare of an electric torch on the gold-studded rock of the vein. The effect was dramatic, unmistakable.

An "Oh!" broke from Ellen. "Ye gods!" cried Johnny.

Dave kept his gaze coldly on Tomson, whose face was a moving picture of hastening emotions.

"And you own a lot of it!" cried Ellen. "Oh, Dave, I'm so glad!"

"I don't own enough," grinned Dave.

"He wouldn't!" almost shouted Tomson. "He's not that kind. Bah! Come, Ellen, let's get out of this. I'm chilly."

Dave felt Ellen's hand on his arm. "He's sore because he didn't buy it himself," she whispered.

Johnny spoke to Dave: "Shall I clean those fish now, sir?"

"Clean 'em up," said Dave, and Johnny left.

Tomson hurried on. Nor did he halt at the cabin.

"Must have gone on to the telegrapher," ventured Dave, smiling. "Funny, Ellen—he seems to forget that I'm at last alone with you."

"Dave!"

"Ellen—dearest." He drew her to him and kissed her.

"It's been awful without you, Ellen. Two years of awful waiting. I guess you thought I was pretty slow."

"Slow as anything, Dave. But I'm terribly glad you're sure."

"Now for your father. Do you mind if I wait a couple of days? I've another thing to tell you."

The "couple of days" were almost comical in their atmosphere. Tomson preoccupied and noncommittal, Ellen subduedly radiant, Dave a giant of happiness concealed. He was thankful for the chores, Johnny having mysteriously cleared out. "And good riddance," growled Tomson. "I'd've fired him long ago. He was trying to tell me that fish hawk was an eagle."

"Johnny was a reporter once," said Dave.

Ellen choked with laughter. Tomson looked at her fixedly and walked off muttering.

And then the papers came. Dave had arranged for Waterson to bring them over. "Take one in to Mr. Tomson," he said, pointing to the cabin. He and Ellen took theirs down to the lake. As they opened the paper Dave's heart bounced. Johnny had done his work well. All across the Citizen ran these words in blackest type:

FAMOUS WALL STREET OPERATOR PAYS SECRET VISIT TO THE MALTREUX MINE

Tomson the Dipper expresses enthusiasm at sensational discovery on abandoned property made by Gillvy. Mother vein from Shelter Lake Mine found. Stock skyrockets at news to $5.50.

THEIR eyes raced down the columns. Yes, it was all there. Johnny, writing on the pad in his pocket, had missed nothing: "'Gold,' said Mr. Tomson, 'is the one commodity that presents no selling problem, no depreciation. In no time of history has a gold mine not been the most prized possession. I must congratulate Mr. Gillvy on his fortune.'" And so on and on, every word, when rinsed of that sarcastic tone, an encomium on the Maltreux Mine.

"Dave, I'm too proud of you for words!"

"How about kisses?" Dave's eyes shone. "Now for the Great Bear."

"Daddy's really a sugar bear, Dave. He'll love you, really."

The sugar bear was standing on the cabin porch, his legs braced apart, poring over the news sheet. He glanced up at their coming, arm in arm, and saw that another Napoleon had gone down to defeat. Ellen forestalled any remark with "Isn't it wonderful, daddy? Don't you think it's a marvelous market play, even if Dave *did* take advantage of you?"

He swallowed twice before he spoke. "I'll say this, young man. You've done more than I ever succeeded in doing. You've got a reporter to quote me correctly." Then he held out his hand. "I congratulate you, Dave."

"Thank you," said Dave. "I'll take care of her."

"I believe you can."

"Daddy, I love you!" Ellen hugged the bear. "And Dave's got over a hundred thousand shares."

"Great!" Tomson brightened. "Splendid! Then my talking did some good."

"I'd've had more if some one hadn't gone in ahead of me."

"Well, that can't be helped." Tomson looked uncomfortable.

Ellen snuggled up to Dave. "Darling, can you forgive me? It was I put the price up."

"*You!*" Both men spoke together.

"Yes. I simply *had* to buy some, Dave."

"How much?" asked Tomson.

"Nearly fifty thousand. I got it for five cents, too."

Tomson turned to Dave. "And *I* put the damned stock up, Dave. I'm not sorry, though. I hate having to select wedding presents in a hurry."

"Oh, daddy! I told Dave you were a sugar bear. How many shares?"

"Enough to give your man control."

"Sweetheart! Two sweethearts!"

"Dave"—Tomson's voice was muffled—"she's smothering me. And I've got an errand. Take her down by the lake and comfort her, son. I'm going over to wire Johnny to come back and keep me company."

THE END

The entire Royal Flying Corps squadron from which airmen were chosen to coöperate with Lawrence. The C. O., Major McCrindle, sits in the center, wearing a Scotch cap. Next him at the right is Captain Norton.

I Flew Lawrence in War-Crazed Arabia

Red Lights and a Girl Spy—Lawrence Takes to the Air—Dynamite, Massacre, Plunder—Death Swoops on the Wrecker

(Reading time: 17 minutes 15 seconds.)

CAPTAIN NORTON, a young British flight commander, had three years of hard fighting on the Western Front, and at the end of the summer of 1917, after recovering from a severe wound, was sent to Palestine, where he instructed student pilots at a training station near Ismailia, on the Suez Canal.

Colonel T. E. Lawrence—Lawrence of Arabia—was then with the royal Shereef Feisal and his Arab force near Akabah, and when orders reached the training station to send a flight of bombing planes to coöperate with Lawrence, Captain Norton had the luck (as he modestly puts it) to be one of the pilots chosen.

The flight duly reported to the mysterious colonel, and the airmen dipped their hands, Arab fashion, in a roast sheep with rice, as Feisal's dinner guests. Next day they bombed the city of Maan, distracting the Turks and permitting Lawrence and his Arab raiders to blow up a section of the Pilgrim Railway. The bombers flew back to the encampment and awaited Lawrence's return, but late that night there was still no sign of him, and the Arabs had returned without him.

Anxious about his safety, his countrymen were planning to set out at dawn and search for him from the air, when they were thunderstruck by the song of the Bedouins around the camp fire, which one of them who knew Arabic interpreted:

"Lawrence has become a Mohammedan in earnest, and he is going to marry Shereef Feisal's daughter tomorrow in Mecca!"

Part Three—The Colonel Plants Some Tulips

IT was with heavy hearts that we lay down to sleep on the desert sands under the wings of our machines that night.

"I'm in favor of going out to search for Lawrence anyway," I told Williams, our flight commander. "We don't really know that these Arab beggars are singing the truth!"

Williams smiled. "It's probably true, all right. I have frequently heard that Lawrence has gone practically native, and that Shereef Feisal would like nothing better than to have Lawrence in his own family. After all, he's got a right to do it, you know."

"Let's look for him anyway," I began—but Williams had turned over and was already asleep.

By CAPT. JOHN H. NORTON As told to J. B. L. LAWRENCE

Lawrence's victorious Arabs, in Turkish uniforms, patrolling Damascus.

I was dreaming that beautiful Arab princesses were pouring warm olive oil over my face when I suddenly awoke. By Jove! Some one *was* pouring oil on my face. Ouch! That oil was rough—and what an awful smell!

I jumped to my feet. In the gray light of approaching dawn I saw a lanky yellow camel leaning over me, licking my face greedily. Leaping up, I took a swift kick at the camel's mid-section. I thought all my toes were broken and let out a yell which woke up the other fellows. They laughed at me heartily. The camel ambled off grunting, whether with pain or at my discomfiture I couldn't quite tell; but he told all his camel pals, for we had no more trouble from them.

We lighted a fire and were heating some tea when Suleiman, the big black slave who was head of Feisal's personal retinue, came striding from the Arab camp. He greeted us in Arabic and Williams answered him.

"Shereef Feisal sends you greetings," he began. Then he launched into a good half hour of "Allah be praiseds" and other salutations. Finally he came to the point:

"Shereef Feisal bids that you have no fear or worry for the safety of El-Aurenz. He wishes to allay your fears and to tell you that he has been in communication with El-Aurenz, who has sent you a message to return to Egypt and to report the result of the last few days' operations to headquarters."

"Shall we see Shereef Feisal before we leave?" Williams asked the black man.

"No. The shereef will leave within the hour for Mecca. He is to join El-Aurenz there."

We looked at each other after Williams had translated the conversation for us. So it was true! Lawrence was at Mecca and, apparently, Feisal was going there to attend the wedding.

"We have our orders, fellows," Williams said. "Nothing to be done about it. Let's get under way."

We spun our props, sped over the uneven sand, and soon were in the air, speeding in the direction of Suez.

WE came into our airdrome at Ismailia dirty and thirsty, and were greeted wildly by our comrades and mechanics. Williams led us to the C. O.'s quarters.

"Well?" the C. O. asked, after preliminaries.

Williams made his report of our operations, and then told the C. O. of how we had heard the Arabs sing joyously of Lawrence's approaching nuptials.

The C. O. let out such a hoot of laughter that even the orderly outside the door looked in anxiously.

"Ho-ho!" gurgled the C. O. "Ho-ho-ho!"

Williams had joined up with the commander, and he forgot discipline for the moment. "I say, Mac—"

The C. O. wiped tears from his eyes. He still chuckled as he talked. "Well, I don't blame you for believing those things about Lawrence and Feisal's daughter. But you can't blame me for laughing, either."

"Why?" we asked.

"There hasn't been a British officer yet who in any way worked with Lawrence among the Arabs who didn't come back with some such tale as you did."

"But the Arabs sang—"

The C. O. explained: "Those songs are merely the expressions of Arabian wishes. They believe that if they sing and send their desires out into the air, it will be carried up to Allah and the wishes granted."

"But why should they want Lawrence to marry Feisal's daughter?" I asked. "I thought the Arabs were as much against intermarriage as we are."

The C. O. nodded. "They are. But to them Lawrence is more an Arab than an Englishman. It is the part he has played and just what he wants them to think. It is what gives him his power with them. And—"

"Yes?"

"Feisal does want Lawrence to marry his daughter."

"But, sir, Feisal himself can't be much over thirty. His daughter must be just a child."

"She is about fifteen or so. But Arabian girls marry young. Feisal feels that Lawrence would be an admirable son-in-law, and with Lawrence to handle the British side of it, the Hejaz Kingdom would be in an excellent position, so far as the rulers are concerned."

"But will he marry her?"

"No one really knows, of course. Personally, I doubt it. Why don't you ask him when you see him again?"

THE C. O. nodded a dismissal and we turned to file out. "Norton, will you stay behind a minute?" After the rest had gone, he said to me: "I've got good news for you. A flight commander in the coast squadron up at the front was killed yesterday. And you are being posted to take his place. You can have three days' leave at Cairo before reporting."

Fine! A week-end in Cairo! I hurried back to my quarters and began to pack for the trip. Just time enough to catch the night train.

In Cairo a crowd of us went straight to Shepheard's Hotel, and after a bath we went down to the bar. Shepheard's bar is about the longest in the world and a meeting place for every one. It was crowded. In the next couple of hours I must have met a hundred fellows I knew. Some were officers just out from home; others were on their way home after three years in Mesopotamia. And I must have slid my elbow along every inch of that long polished counter, drinking with every one I knew or didn't know.

Then some one had a brilliant idea: "How about a fling over at the Ex-Continental?" The Ex-Continental is—well, they have a lot of girls over there: Greeks, Spanish, Germans, Turks, Levantines—every kind except English and Americans, perhaps. It is the reddest spot in a red-light city. We hailed a gharri and piled in.

At the Ex-Continental we stormed noisily into the lobby. We had been there before, for drinks. We went on up the circular stairway that went three stories high. Old Suzette peered out. She saw us and threw the door open wide in greeting.

There were four of us and old Suzette brought out eight girls. We chose our four and sat down with them on our laps while Suzette turned on an old gramophone and brought out drinks. Sweet champagne at fifty piasters a quart—sheer robbery, but worth it.

I was seized by a beautiful black-haired damsel who called herself Fatima. She was about nineteen and wore nothing but a thin kimono. Her actions immediately became so embarrassingly plain that I had to explain in my best Arabic that we were just out for a casual good time. It may sound crude, but it was all such a relief after Turks, war, Arabs, dirt, lice—and, after all, the last kiss I had had was from a camel!

The girl talked: "Ah, sweet'eart, you are away for long time, no?"

I laughed. It was pleasant to be missed, even by a girl like this. "No; I was away just a short time."

"Where?" She seemed very interested.

"In the interior a bit."

"You were one of those who flew to El-Aurenz, no?"

How in the world could she have known?

"Who told you that?" I asked her.

She shrugged and smiled. "You give me money?" she begged. I handed her a few coins.

She turned to whisper in my ear: "You go to Lawrence again soon, no?"

What was this? The girl sounded more guttural than Arabic. I felt certain that she was not questioning me without a purpose. I decided to experiment.

"Promise you won't tell?" I said, putting on a drunk act. She promised and cuddled up. "Tomorrow we all go to Lawrence and make a big offensive—biggest of all offensives! But don't tell!" She kissed me again and again in her thanks for the information.

When we went out, I told the other lads about her questions, and we decided to turn the information over to the intelligence department. I heard later that they caught her that very same day trying to relay my information to the German "post office" or spy headquarters there. They found that she was indeed in the pay of the Turks and Germans. They shot her some months later in the citadel, poor thing.

My leave over, I returned to Ismailia and packed my kit for the trip to the front at Jaffa. There for a month or two we had a lot of sport with Johnny Turk. We were supporting our infantry, fifteen miles ahead, with bombings and reconnoitering.

One day I was sitting in the major's headquarters as C. O. while he was away. The telephone rang. It was a call from brigade headquarters.

"Airdrome at Jaffa? This is the brigade major speaking. Please arrange for a machine to stand by to convey Colonel Lawrence to Azrak. Thank you. That is all."

SO Lawrence was coming our way. Great! By now his name was a household word not only in Palestine but in England. He had fifty trains now chalked up to his credit, all blown from the Pilgrim Railway. His Arabs had nicknamed him "El-Aurenz, Wrecker of Trains."

Still on the right side of thirty, Lawrence was now a full colonel with every decoration under the sun and a Turkish price of twenty thousand pounds on his head.

I waited all day for word from him, having no idea of when or how he was coming. So finally, when dinner was served, I gave it up and went with the others to the mess tent. After dinner several of us adjourned to my quarters and sat down for a smoke.

There was a fringe of orange trees around the airdrome. The railroad station was at Jaffa, a few miles away. With most of the dust of that road on his face and clothing, a rather slight figure of medium height, dressed in the same ordinary khaki tunic and slacks affected by civilian workers, without badge of rank or decorations, stepped from among the orange trees and trudged across the sandy expanse of landing field. He carried a battered fiber hand bag and looked like an Arab seeking employment as an interpreter, mess waiter, or what not.

I did not see his arrival, but one of the guards, an old cockney corporal, knocked respectfully and stuck his head into my tent. "If you please, sir, there's a fellow at the guardroom as wants to see you. 'E won't s'y wot it's all abaht!"

I FROWNED. "I can't be bothered now, corporal. Have him come back in the morning." But as the corporal started away I suddenly had a spine-freezing thought. "By the way, did he give his name?"

"I think the bloke said it was Lawrence and—"

I didn't give the orderly a chance to finish, but sent him running to bring the man in.

No spotless Meccan robes here—no escort of Bedouin warriors or African slaves. But when Lawrence, still clutching his scrubby grip, walked through the door, I again felt that intangible magnetism.

It was too late to send a plane out that night and Lawrence agreed with me that it would be better to leave at dawn. Luckily it was my turn as a stand-by pilot, so I detailed myself for the job.

Lawrence told us he had just left General Allenby in Cairo. He was quite amused. He had made a 1,400-mile forced march to get to Allenby and was something of a frightful sight when he walked into the Savoy Hotel to see the commander in chief. It was hard for the smartly dressed staff officers to believe that this barefooted Arab with the stains of a month's travel on him could be the famous Lawrence they had heard of.

Incidentally, his covering that distance by camel in thirty days was a feat that is still the marvel of that district.

I was ready and waiting at dawn the next morning. During the night an army lorry had brought two little wooden boxes from the railway station for Lawrence, and he had these carted out to the machine when he came to join me. He was dressed in the same khaki tunic and slacks and still carried his grip.

He personally superintended the stowing of the two mysterious boxes in the rear cockpit where he was to sit.

"You don't mind taking these boxes too, do you?"

"Not at all, sir. May I ask what they contain?"

"Flowers," he said with a quiet chuckle. "Tulips."

No Longer a Victim of COLDS

This simple VAPOR-TENT curbs them quickly!

Vapor reaches the passages where no liquid can penetrate

Most colds start in the hidden passages of the nose—and many of them can be stopped right there.

—Not by inserting oily substances which may ADD to the congestion, but with triple-action *vapor*, that clears the infected area, soothes the membranes, and strengthens the cold-fighting powers of the nose.

Here's one of those miserable colds again.

So easy to curb colds with Vapex

You make an effective vapor-tent just by putting a little VAPEX in the center of a folded handkerchief. Then hold this over your nose and breathe in deeply.

I'll inhale VAPEX *from my handkerchief.*

The vapor is released as you inhale. It reaches far back to the hidden passages of the nose and throat, where no liquid or salve can penetrate. The results are astonishing. You can go about your work in comfort. VAPEX brings instant relief and helps *Nature* throw off your cold.

You just can't beat VAPEX *to curb a cold.*

Genuine

VAPEX

FREE GAUZE CONTAINING VAPEX

Mail this to **VAPEX, 99 Watts St., New York City,** and receive several pieces of VAPEXed gauze for use inside your handkerchief. It will prove beyond a doubt what VAPEX can do for nasty colds. Also FREE, new folder giving valuable diet advice and health helps.

Name

PLEASE PRINT

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

I nodded. We all had heard of the man's eccentricities. If he wanted to bring tulips, it was all right with me.

We pulled up quickly, circled the airdrome once, and then headed southeast toward the Pilgrim Railway beyond which lay Azrak, Lawrence's destination. I was careful to parallel the Turkish lines rather than to fly over them, because I feared enemy machines—not so much for myself as because I had so valuable a passenger.

Soon we were over Ramleh, with its Crusaders' Tower. We passed on over Ludd. Here Lawrence tapped my shoulder. I turned in my seat to receive a penciled note. "That is where St. George, patron saint of England, lies buried," it stated. Soon we could see Jerusalem with its mosques and spires, and beyond, the valley of the Jordan, with the Dead Sea shimmering in the early-morning haze.

I saw an airplane in the distance. Fearing a battle at this time, I swung far to the right and gave it full gun. Fortunately the other pilot did not see us. Now we were over Jericho—the River Jordan twisting below like a wriggling caterpillar. Es Salt—funny name, what? Amman, still in Turkish hands. The Pilgrim Railway.

A SHORT distance beyond the railway, Lawrence again tapped my shoulder and pointed downward, indicating that I was to land. As always, we were immediately surrounded by hordes of gesticulating tribesmen. I was too busy to pay much attention to Lawrence. When I turned to help him alight, I was astounded.

Instead of the insignificant-looking individual who had climbed in with me two hours before, a resplendent figure in pure white silken robes, with headcloth of gold and red and a magnificent curved dagger at his belt, stood up in the cockpit. The Arabs hailed him as a brother.

Two soldiers in khaki shorts and tunic appeared from among the crowd of Bedouins. Lawrence introduced them to me smilingly as "Lewis, Australian," and "Stokes, British." They were nicknamed, it seemed, after the particular machine guns they were nursing.

"Will you please help them with my boxes, captain?" Lawrence asked me as he started for Ali's tent. I hopped to the rear cockpit and grabbed one of the two little wooden boxes. I was about to toss it to Lewis and Stokes when the latter yelled aloud in horror.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "They're only flowers!"

"Flowers! Excuse me, sir, but who told you that?"

"Colonel Lawrence himself."

Both Lewis and Stokes began to roar with laughter.

I grew a bit annoyed. "Well?"

Stokes explained: "You see, sir, Colonel Lawrence calls 'em tulips because he plants 'em under the railway. But most people call 'em sticks of dynamite!"

I leaned weakly against the side of the machine. Dynamite! If my landing had been a little rougher I might have— I hated to think of it. But it struck me that the whole thing was characteristic of Lawrence. He had his own little manner of joking.

According to my orders I was to return to Jaffa at once. So I began to refuel. Suddenly I made up my mind that I wasn't going to miss all the fun!

I hurried after Lawrence. "Excuse me, colonel. Is there any excitement coming?"

"Yes, we have a small job to do over on the railway. Why?"

"I thought that perhaps I might be of assistance with my machine in scouting in the air and—"

Lawrence laughed. "Good idea, Norton. Stay on."

The Pilgrim Railway was one day's distance by camel, about thirty-five miles. I was to stay in camp, permit them to reach their objective on the ground, and then join them from the air. Early the next morning Lawrence and about three hundred of his raiders set out on their camels. I was away as early as possible the morning after that. I set a course straight for the objective Lawrence had designated, and was happy to see them working busily on the railway when I reached it. I flew on down the line.

What was that body of horsemen there? I swooped down. A Turkish patrol—fifteen or twenty men on horseback. I dropped lower to make sure that they were enemy, and then hurried back to warn the raiders. They waved gratefully to me and then ran to hide among the hills. Lawrence remained behind a moment to drag his cloak over the disturbed earth in an effort to disguise the "tulip planting," and then ran to join the others.

Rifles and machine guns were cracking wildly.

The Turkish patrol came along, but they were paying so much attention to my plane that they rode right over the "plant" and never noticed it.

The Arabs and Lawrence went back to work. I dashed down the line again. Lawrence had told me that trains were infrequent, but I had hopes.

Suddenly I thought I saw smoke in the distance. Oh, no such luck. Yes, there it was again! I speeded up and soon was over a long groaning train. It was being hauled by two snorting engines.

I saw men atop the coaches. They were Turkish machine-gunners keeping lookout, barricaded with sandbags on the train roof. I gave them a burst from my gun for luck, and laughed as they tried to pot me in return. Then I wheeled and hurried back to Lawrence.

Looking over the ground well, I found a bare space behind one of the hills and came in for a landing. I ran to

ILLUSTRATION
BY
MONTE CREWS

abs were screaming and firing in a steady stream. They would take no prisoners.

tell Lawrence of the train, and the Arabs whooped with joy. Lawrence stationed Lewis and Stokes with their machine guns on a hill commanding the tracks, and the Arabs hid along the top too, with their long rifles trained on the place where the dynamite was planted.

"You might keep them busy so that they won't notice us," Lawrence suggested, and away I went.

The train was coming closer. The coaches were crowded with soldiers. I could see that when I dropped to about fifty feet and ran the length of the train. I could hear the machine guns popping at me, but I knew I was safe unless some one was lucky enough to hit my tanks. No one did and I rose to a point of vantage again, Now they were almost at the curve—and around it was disaster for them and victory for us.

This was my chance. I came down at them, firing my gun at the crews on top. They were so busy trying to dodge my bullets and to hit me that they paid no attention to what might be hidden around that curve.

All at once there was pandemonium. The two engines seemed to stop short, stand still, and then rise right up in the air. They rose and toppled over into the culvert. The coaches too seemed to be coming up at me. I felt my machine shake and quiver.

Making a quick survey both ways to guard against possible approaching patrols, I turned back to my previous landing place and rushed over to the hill to get into the action if I could.

RIFLES and machine guns were cracking wildly. Lewis and Stokes were mowing down those Turks who had escaped the wreck. The Arabs were screaming at the tops of their voices and firing in a steady stream. Lawrence was just an observer now. He had "planted his tulip" and it had burst into flower.

Lawrence knew that the Arabs would take no prisoners. They hated the Turks too much; and then, having prisoners meant sharing the sparse supply of water and rations.

He was right. No prisoners were taken, and soon the cries of the wounded were stilled. But the shouts of the victorious Arabs had increased. They ran in and out among the fallen enemy, looting, tearing off clothing, screaming with delight.

One box car was on its side. They tore into it. This was a find! Rare carpets, rich brocades, silks and satins. Every camel was loaded with loot.

Lawrence also came forward for his share. But all he took were two engine bells. "Just mementos for my friends," he said.

Suddenly an ominous sound caught my ear.

"Listen!" I shouted. "Airplanes!"

Lawrence spoke sharply to the Arabs. There was a mad scramble for the camels. I started to run for my machine in the field half a mile off.

Lawrence was the last to leave, making certain that all his men had got under way. Just as he too started to run, I heard the screaming shriek of vibrating wires as an airplane—a plane with big black crosses on its wings—began to dive directly at him!

I Flew Lawrence in War-Crazed Arabia will be concluded in Liberty next week.

Pat was inside the door. Her eyes were sparkling with excitement. "Hat and coat for you, Dale!" she exclaimed, quickly.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STOCKTON MULFORD

Transient

(Reading time: 26 minutes 30 seconds.)

NICK KILEY, Dale Cameron, and Chris Blake open a roller-skating rink in Karnak, a Southern city. Carey Marshal, a young lawyer of a distinguished family, is attracted by Dale Cameron, the professional skater.

Fred Baxter, wastrel brother of Hamp Baxter, political boss of the district, makes offensive advances to Dale. One night at the rink Kiley and Blake have to put Fred out. He returns with his gang late at night and breaks into the rink to get Kiley. Nick shoots into the mob and kills Fred Baxter. Chris Blake was not there, but later he is arrested and charged wtih the murder.

Dale Cameron gets Carey Marshal to defend Chris. Hamp Baxter is wild with rage at Carey and threatens trouble. Lee Crawford, head of a family long at feud but now friendly with the Baxters, goes to Hamp to placate him, but gets a beating. The truce between Baxters and Crawfords is broken.

Trouble begins after the annual community picnic a few days later. On the way home two cars collide. One is filled with Baxters, the other with Crawfords. Shots are fired and three men are killed on each side. The feud is on. Major Marshal calls upon the governor to send the militia. In the meantime Hamp Baxter addresses his clan leaders and stirs them up to gather the whole tribe of Baxters to lynch Chris Blake and to drive Dale Cameron out of Karnak.

PART SEVEN—IN THE NICK OF TIME

GRAPHIC WATTS would have been enormously proud had he realized his own importance. As it was, he saw himself only for what he was: a very colored man of medium height, medium girth, and medium intelligence bearing tidings to his dusky brethren in Karnak.

He attracted no attention as his mount—a thoroughly dejected mule—moved languorously up Court Street, swung into an alley on which there were twin rows of unpainted shacks, and came to a happy halt before the dilapidated residence of one Twin Creech.

There was this peculiarity about Mr. Creech: He was not a twin at all. But immediately prior to his worldly advent his mother—for some reason which would have been considered inadequate and unscientific by students of biology—became convinced that she was about to present twin citizens to the thriving municipality of Karnak, and her disappointment at the crucial hour was atoned for in part by naming her offspring. Thus Twin he had been christened and Twin he had remained, although the only faculty which had been developed to

By OCTAVUS

A Vivid Novel of Dangerous Days and a Girl's Devotion

Lady

ROY COHEN

double strength in his make-up was that of disseminating more or less accurate information among his colored friends.

Graphic Watts, who tended mules, chopped cotton, plowed fields, and did sundry other odd jobs for Mr. Norrie Baxter, was full of news and excitement. He closed the door of the Creech cottage, glanced fearfully about, and announced in hushed and frightened tones that they sho, Lawd, was trouble a-comin' that ve'y night.

Twin's ears rose up. "What you mean—trouble?"

"Goshamighty, man—don't even know what trouble is?"

"Co'se I know," responded Twin indignantly, "but nowadays it's got to be fust-class trouble, or nobody ain't intrust."

Graphic felt mildly offended.

"Well, this heah is turrible trouble, Twin. It's plumb horrifical."

"Tell me, feller—tell me."

"I's tellin' you, ain't I?"

"You ain't tellin' me nothin'. All you is doin' is th'owin' good breff after bad."

"Well, listen at me, then. Come night, they is gwine hang Mistuh Chris Blake."

"Hang him?" Twin was properly impressed.

"Yassuh! By his neck. *Mmmmph!* Like *that!*"

"Well, I'll be fried fo' a catfish!" Twin did some heavy pondering. "Who?"

"Mistuh Chris Blake."

"I don't mean who is gwine git hunged. I mean who's gwine prefo'm the ceremony?"

"You ain't gwine tell I tol'?"

"Co'se not. I never say nothin' to nobody no time."

"We-e-ell—it's all them Baxter folks an' their kin. At six o'clock tonight."

TWIN paced the floor. "Reckon I better tell some cullud folks. They don't belong to be walkin' the streets when white folks is fightin'."

Mr. Creech departed upon his errand. He told his neighbors, and they told their neighbors—until, within an hour, the grapevine telegraph had informed every Negro in Karnak of the impending trouble.

And eventually—inevitably—some of the Negroes told their employers, and those employers told their friends. The story became distorted, but the essential thing could not be exaggerated: That the Baxters and their relatives were descending upon Karnak at six o'clock that night with the declared intention of hanging Chris.

The news came to the ears of the Crawfords. It became known to innocent bystanders. Sober citizens shook their heads. They counseled members of their families to remain indoors. Children were warned away from Court House Square. It was observed that members of the Crawford clan were gathering at the home of old Clem Crawford and that the newcomers carried shotguns.

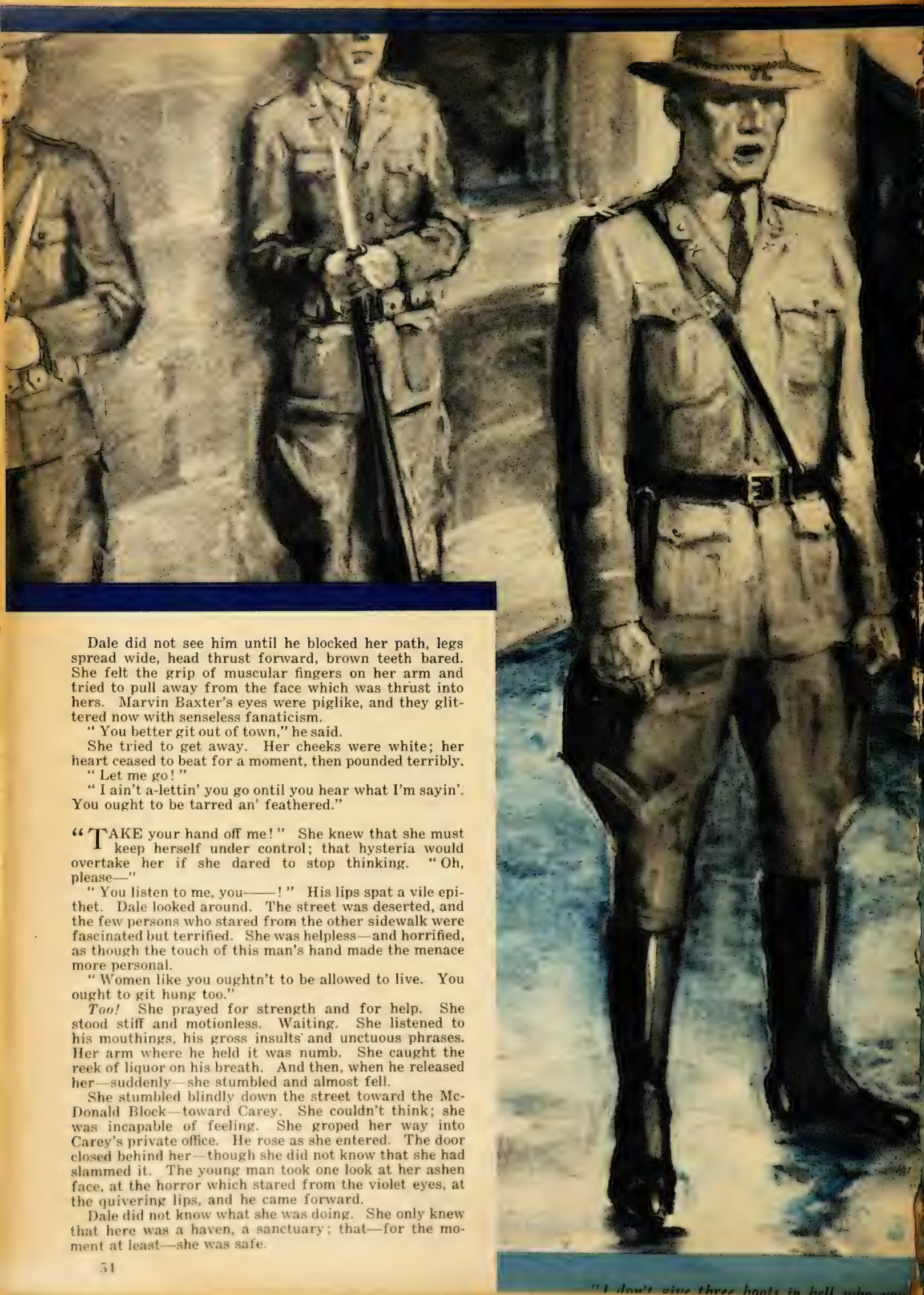
Frankly, the community was not vitally concerned about Chris Blake, or even about Dale Cameron. Of course word had been bruited about that Dale was to be stoned from Karnak, but the citizens of lesser intelligence were far more interested in the pitched battle which was impending, for certain prominent members of the Crawford family boasted that they intended to defend Chris Blake.

Dale Cameron, who had gone on her daily round of shopping for the tea room shortly before noon, heard the story from half a dozen kindly shopkeepers, whose interest in her was genuine and whose sympathy was keen. Several of them offered her the protection of their homes—though they hoped she would refuse. Her eyes grew large and frightened. She noted the hush which had fallen over the rain-splashed square.

This, she knew, was no baseless rumor. It was grim and real and terrible. She wondered whether Carey knew and what might be done. He was her only hope, and so she directed her steps across the square toward his office, unmindful of the drip of water from the leaves, the little clay-filled rivulets which trickled across the walkway and muddied her tiny shoes. She crossed to the Karnak Hotel corner and started down the street—not considering that by selecting this route she was compelled to pass Lefty Bragan's pool room.

In the doorway of that pool room lounged a squat stocky young man. Marvin Baxter, who was privileged now—for the first time—to play a man's rôle in family activities, was in a pugnaciously virtuous mood. He carried a revolver in his hip pocket, and a cheap double-barreled shotgun, loaded with buckshot shells, stood just inside the door.

All morning long this young man had been struggling to arouse himself to a fury of indignation which might stiffen his quaking knees. To that end he had quaffed freely from a jug containing a potion known locally—and not inaccurately as white lightnin'. He had fanned his meager imagination into the belief that he and his kinsmen were embarked upon a crusade of righteousness. And he was in a particularly ugly mood when his eyes probed through the drizzle and discerned the trim figure of Dale Cameron approaching.



Dale did not see him until he blocked her path, legs spread wide, head thrust forward, brown teeth bared. She felt the grip of muscular fingers on her arm and tried to pull away from the face which was thrust into hers. Marvin Baxter's eyes were piglike, and they glittered now with senseless fanaticism.

"You better git out of town," he said.

She tried to get away. Her cheeks were white; her heart ceased to beat for a moment, then pounded terribly.

"Let me go!"

"I ain't a-lettin' you go ontil you hear what I'm sayin'. You ought to be tarred an' feathered."

"TAKE your hand off me!" She knew that she must keep herself under control; that hysteria would overtake her if she dared to stop thinking. "Oh, please—"

"You listen to me, you——!" His lips spat a vile epithet. Dale looked around. The street was deserted, and the few persons who stared from the other sidewalk were fascinated but terrified. She was helpless—and horrified, as though the touch of this man's hand made the menace more personal.

"Women like you oughtn't to be allowed to live. You ought to git hung too."

Too! She prayed for strength and for help. She stood stiff and motionless. Waiting. She listened to his mouthings, his gross insults and unctuous phrases. Her arm where he held it was numb. She caught the reek of liquor on his breath. And then, when he released her—suddenly—she stumbled and almost fell.

She stumbled blindly down the street toward the McDonald Block—toward Carey. She couldn't think; she was incapable of feeling. She groped her way into Carey's private office. He rose as she entered. The door closed behind her—though she did not know that she had slammed it. The young man took one look at her ashen face, at the horror which stared from the violet eyes, at the quivering lips, and he came forward.

Dale did not know what she was doing. She only knew that here was a haven, a sanctuary; that—for the moment at least—she was safe.

"I don't give three hoots in hell who you

She moved to meet him and put her hands on his chest. She was quivering, and when his arms went about her, she clung tightly and sobbed.

Carey Marshal looked down upon her and his face became gentle, and there was a smile—a very slight smile—on his thin sensitive lips. With grave and ecstatic deliberateness he let his arms tighten about her, and he felt her nestling closer and closer and clinging to him and saying, "Oh, Carey! Carey!"

SHE was governed now by instinct—and by instinct only. All the hours and days and weeks of intelligent thought had been nullified by this dreadful experience and by the horror of what was impending. She did not know that she was betraying herself to this man—and she did not care. She only knew that she needed him—now, and that hysteria was upon her, so that her body shook convulsively, and her only lucid thought was a hope that she would not scream.

He was kind, gentle. He held her close, and with one hand stroked her shoulder and talked to her as he would to a child, using endearing terms, begging her to pull herself together; to tell him what had happened.

And then—between periods of dry, uncontrollable sobbing—she told him of the man who had accosted her near Bragan's pool room, and of the threats and epithets. And she looked up to see that Carey's face was white and that he, too, was trembling.

"Do you know his name, Dale?"

"No."

"Would you recognize him?"

Carey's voice was quiet. Too quiet. Fresh terror struck Dale and she clung more tightly. "You mustn't, Carey! You mustn't! Please!"

He didn't talk. He didn't threaten. He made no pretty bombastic speeches about the honor of ladies. But what she saw in his eyes frightened her for his safety, and again she begged him—fearfully and incoherently—not to leave his office then, nor to go near the pool room. And because her sudden fear for him was greater than her fear for herself, she talked swiftly about the rumors which were paralyzing the town—the rumors of Baxters

"BUT WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE, DEAR?"

TO Mabel, Charley seemed a good catch. To Mabel's mother, Charley was just a good cough. She never *could* see him with that nose-assailing pipe and his halo (?) of gaspy smoke.

Mabel's new hero is also a pipe smoker—but his pipe is well kept and his tobacco delightfully mild and fragrant. You've guessed the plot. It's Sir Walter Raleigh. A blend of mild Kentucky Burleys so cool and slow-burning that the boys have made it a national favorite in five short years. Kept fresh in gold foil. Try it; you've a pleasant experience ahead of you.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L-42

Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

who intended to lynch Chris and run her out of town; and of Crawfords who were arming themselves to resist the Baxter attempts—not because they sympathized with Chris but because they hated the Baxters.

"Is it true, Carey?" she asked. "Is it true that they're going to kill Chris?"

He reflected a moment before answering. "I've heard the rumors."

"Do you believe them?"

"Perhaps. They *may* try it."

"What will happen?"

He gave a quick sardonic laugh. "Not everything is for the worst, honey. The Crawfords now find themselves on the side of law and order."

"You mean they'll actually protect Chris?"

"They'll keep the Baxters from harming him. Or at least they'll try."

"Oh, Carey! It's terrible. It's like war. Men shooting each other!"

"It had to break out sooner or later, Dale."

"But Chris is the victim. That poor kid! He's done nothing wrong. And I so hoped they'd let him alone until his trial. He might have had a chance with you defending him."

"Yes," he agreed. "It is a pity. The trial less than a week off. But I think Chris is safe."

She caught his hand in both of hers. "He *must* be safe!" she pleaded. "Can't you understand, Carey? He's just a boy. A child. And he didn't do anything wrong. You mustn't let them lynch him!"

He looked down at her, his eyes troubled. "Does Chris mean that much to you, Dale?"

"Yes! He's been my only real friend. That's why I've stayed here—because Chris needed me. I couldn't desert him."

"But he does mean a great deal to you, doesn't he?" Carey was persistent.

"Of course he does."

"Do you love him, Dale?"

"Yes!" Her voice rose. "Of course I love him. How could I help it? He needs me and he's been my best friend—" Then she caught her breath sharply. "Can't you understand, Carey? *Can't* you?"

"OF course I understand, honey. And if you love Chris—"

"But not that way, Carey. You see, you don't understand—not really. It's like he was my brother—or my son. That's the way I love him."

"I see. We'll have to protect Chris. We certainly will."

He released her. Dale saw his eyes, vaguely disturbed, and his face, set sternly. She knew then that he didn't understand; that perhaps he would never understand. A few moments since he had been so close to her, and now he was far away. And he was being so kind, so maddeningly kind—and impersonal. Because he misunderstood.

"Frightened, aren't you, Dale?"

"Yes. Of course."

"You'd have left Karnak long ago if it hadn't been for Chris?"

She felt helpless. Beaten. "I suppose so. Perhaps I would have."

"You mustn't be frightened, honey. You must keep a tight grip on yourself. I'm taking you back to the tea room. Stay there. Don't go out again."

"And you, Carey?" She was afraid again. "What will you do?"

"I'll do all I can," he said quietly. "I'll do all I can to save your Chris."

She was baffled. So she shook her head and spoke timidly: "You just *won't* understand, will you, Carey?"

"I'm trying to," he answered.

And as he turned away another thought came to Dale—

"Carey?"

"Yes, honey."

"They—those Baxters—will they really come after me?"

HE stepped close to her then and smiled boyishly, though his eyes were narrowed and she sensed that he was deliberately making light of the situation. He put his hand under her chin, so that her head tilted back and her eyes looked up into his.

"They'll never harm you, Dale," he said. "I promise that."

Carey's promise filled Dale with hope: not so much because of what he might do for her, but because he was eager to do it. He had appointed himself her protector, and that in itself made the situation less terrifying.

Trouble was in the air: Carey, stern and worried; Miss Mathilda snapping like a martinet, albeit an affectionate one; Dale herself smiling when she felt like crying. And even so unimaginative a person as Lee Crawford indulging in a display of sardonic humor.

No sane person would have thought of accusing Lee Crawford of subtlety, which is one reason why Angel Verner—first cousin to Hamp Baxter and sheriff of Karnak County—was completely nonplused by the kindly manner of the indolent, sparse-haired leader of the Crawford faction.

Lee appeared at the jail in the Court House basement shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon. Angel Verner had been loafing there for more than two hours, lending moral as well as physical support to his cousin, Lewis Neff, who was the official jailer; it being agreed that the task of the lynching mob would be made more simple if the two officials on the inside happened to coöperate.

Mr. Verner looked up and observed Mr. Crawford. He was pained—and not a trifle surprised—to note that behind Mr. Lee Crawford were what he described as a whole slew of other Crawfords. Some of them were smiling, but their smiles were not friendly. Neither were the shotguns they carried, and it occurred to Sheriff Verner that this might be an excellent occasion on which to be tactful. He lowered the forelegs of his cane-bottomed chair.

"Don't bother to git up," advised Lee in his thin whiny voice. "We ain't aimin' to disturb you none."

"What are you-all fixin' to do, Lee?" Angel asked.

"Us?" Lee waved a limp and languid hand. "We just dropped in friendly-like, Angel."

"For what?"

"Oh, nothin' special. Just thought you might be a-needin' of us."

Mr. Verner shook his head with some violence. "What would I be needin' of you-all?"

"I dunno." Lee was enjoying himself hugely. "But there's been talk goin' around."

"'Bout what?"

"Oh, 'bout how some folks was fixin' to disturb law an' order by sort of hangin' yo' prisoner—this here Chris Blake."

"I ain't heard nothin' like that."

"No-o? Well, you most likely been stickin' so close to yo' duty that you wouldn't. But there's rumors, Angel—mean rumors. And me and my friends here, we started sympathizin' 'bout what a tough time a high she'iff would have fightin' off a whole mob single-handed, an' we figured we'd better come down an' he'p you."

Mr. Verner was no coward. Furthermore, he was exceedingly peeved.

"You talk like a damn' fool, Lee Crawford."

"Uh-huh. Reckon I do. But talkin' like one ain't bein' one, Angel. And me and the boys, we don't want to see you git hurt. Not bad, anyway. So maybe you better give us yo' gun, an' then, if anything serious should happen, why, nobody couldn't accuse you of havin' no part in it."

Mr. Verner protested, but three leather-faced Crawfords ranged alongside and relieved him of his revolver. They then performed the same kindly office for the unreluctant Mr. Neff.

"And now," grinned Lee, "as you've a'ready swore us in as deputies, why, we got legal right to defend law an' order, ain't we?"

"You ain't no deputies of mine, Lee Crawford. And I didn't swear you in."

"Oh, shuh, Angel! How easy you forget! You just finished makin' us take oath we was deputies, didn't he, boys?"

THE Crawfords—tremendously amused by this unsuspected twist of humor—roared indorsement of his statement.

"You see," continued Lee mildly, "we're deputies—by yo' own swearin'. Ev'y dawg-gone one of us can testify you made us such. An' bein' deputies, why, we got a right to blast hell out of anybody that gits ambitious to take our prisoner away."

Mr. Verner made a motion to go, but Lee stopped him. "Reckon you better stay right here, she'iff. 'Tain't goin' to do you—nor neither Lewis—a bit of good to go walkin' on such a rainy afternoon."

Angel was perturbed.

"No use not talkin' straight, is there, Lee?"

"Not as I can see."

"Well, then, ain't you-all bein' mighty foolish riskin' yo' lives to defend that murderer yonder?"

"Are we?" Mr. Crawford asked.

"Sho you are. You know dawg-gone good an' well if Hamp Baxter wants to string that lad up, he's goin' to do it, an' all the Crawfords in Karnak County cain't stop him."

"They can try, Angel; they can sho try. Specially now they're all deputies."

Mr. Verner knew when he was beaten. He shrugged and settled back in his chair, tilting it against the wall and attempting to appear indifferent. "You're askin' fo' it, Lee Crawford, an' Hamp will damn' well see that you git it."

"That's sweet of Hamp," chuckled Lee. "He always was a considerate sort of a feller."

IN the tiny barred cell at the end of the corridor Chris Blake had been listening to the conversation. The muscles of his lithe young body were crawling with fear. He knew that he was very close to death.

Outside, twilight came dismally, steel-gray and damp. The town was thick with rumor. Merchants closed their stores early and hurried away from the square. They gathered in knots and talked: "Twenty Crawfords in the jail house. They've all got guns." "Yes, and two Baxters to every Crawford, and they have guns too." "They're fixin' to lynch Chris Blake." "They will if they can." "Nobody can keep Hamp Baxter from doing what he wants." "Wonder where Carey Marshal is? And that Cameron girl?"

The Negroes of the town were terrified: "Shootin' gwine happen. You better lie low, Pigeon." "Feller! I's lyin' lower'n that. Ain't nobody gwine see me struttin' roun' when white folks git mad." "What they fightin' 'bout?" "Gol-*lee*, I dunno. Ev'y once in a while them Crawfords an' Baxters git the urge to sterminate each yuther—an' nobody cain't stop 'em." "Somebody's gwine git kilt befo' mawnin'." "Yassuh! Sho is. But 'tain't gwine be this cullud boy, not les'n them bullets travel a heap faster'n I think they can."

In Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe, Miss Eva was frightened and fluttery. Miss Mathilda was frightened too, but disdained to show it.

"You keep away from that cashier's desk, Dale Cameron."

"But, Miss Mathilda—"

"Do as I tell you. Do you suppose I want anything happening to you?"

Dale had wadded her handkerchief into a tiny ball. "It isn't fair for me to stay here."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I've told you a thousand times. They said they were going to get me too."

"Hmph! I'd just like to see 'em try!"

"You're wonderful and generous and fine, but you're foolish too. It isn't safe for you if I stay here." Her voice trembled. "God! I wish that rain would stop!"

"Now, child"—Miss Mathilda was suddenly gentle—"nothing's going

So good for you, cod liver oil—but it was hard to take. No longer! These tablets are a true concentrate of the vitamins A and D found in cod liver oil—always constant in vitamin content, accurate in dosage. Youngsters think they are candy. Easy to carry in purse or pocket.

Accepted American Medical Association Council on Foods and Nutrition

White's COD LIVER OIL CONCENTRATE TABLETS

FOR BEST RESULTS . . .
Advertise in Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly!

COUGHS AND COLDS
RELIEVED DURING SLEEP

VAPORS S·O·O·T·H·E AT ONCE!

Tiny bodies relax . . . relieved and soothed during sleep by the gentle, healing vapors of Vapo-Cresolene. Halts growth of infection. Drugless, harmless—the quick way to check a cough. Use this famous 53-year-old remedy for Coughs and Colds, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough. Choice of Lamp-Type or New Electric Vaporizer. Full directions with every package. At all drug stores.

LAMP-TYPE VAPORIZER

Vapo-Cresolene

FREE! *Valuable information on Relief of Respiratory Ills. Write for Booklet C-2.*

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York, N. Y.

MONEY FOR INVENTIONS

THERE'S money and fame in inventions. But there are many essential things you must know in order to capitalize your talents. You can now acquire this knowledge through spare-time study of the International Correspondence Schools' new and practical course in Inventing and Patenting—just off the press. Ask for complete information.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 8471-K, Scranton, Penna.

Please send full information about course checked:

☐ INVENTING AND PATENTING

☐ Chemistry	☐ Accountancy
☐ Radio	☐ Advertising
☐ Aviation	☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Refrigeration	☐ Drafting
☐ Air Conditioning	☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Architecture	☐ Good English

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

to happen to you. Not a thing. I know we're uncivilized here in the South, but that's only some of us. We don't attack women."

"But they said—"

"Nasty rumors. They say a lot of things. I'm not claiming that Chris isn't in danger. But we've got plenty of real gentlemen here in Karnak, too. You're safer than you know, Dale Cameron."

A car whirled into the square, skidded crazily, and nuzzled the curb outside the tea room. Pat Warren was out and across the sidewalk. Her father waddled after her, spectacles shining with tiny drops of rain.

Pat was inside the door. Her eyes were sparkling with excitement.

"Hat and coat for you, Dale!" she exclaimed quickly.

"But, Miss Warren—"

"The name's Pat, which fact we'll discuss later. You're going with us."

"Where?"

"Pineville. Right, dad?"

"Patricia's right, Miss Cameron. You'll be better off there."

Dale's eyes filled with tears. "You're grand—both of you. But I'm not going."

"Nerts!" remarked Pat Warren with charming inelegance. "You're coming—and quickly."

"I'm not afraid."

"You're scared stiff—and so am I. I think it's lovely. Get ready."

Dale shook her head. "I can't run away."

"From what?"

"Chris."

"Oh, so that's it, eh? Well, you're a fine intelligent girl, Dale Cameron, but at the moment you're acting like an idiot." Pat was making a conscious effort to bolster Dale's morale. "Will you kindly explain to me just what possible benefit you can be to Chris?"

"It isn't that—"

"I know. Sentiment. Well, you ride out to Pineville with us, and be as sentimental as you like. Hop to it."

The door opened again and three young men entered. Dale saw only Carey Marshal though, and noticed that his smile was forced and that his eyes were grave.

She recognized his two companions: Greg St. Julien and Hal Lazenby. But it was Pat who took charge of the situation.

"And what are you fine lads doing in town?"

Greg grinned feebly. "Just looking around."

"Waiting for a street car, I suppose."

"If we had a street car, I'd be waiting for it."

"Well, we haven't. And you boys can bid farewell to Dale. Dad and I are carting her out to Pineville—*muy pronto.*"

Carey said, "Good girl, Pat. It's a fine idea."

"I CAN'T go—" started Dale. Then a small black figure hurtled in through the rear. Vishy's eyes were popping and his thin figure was twitching with excitement.

"They's comin', Marse Carey! They's comin' *sho nuff!*"

"Who's coming, Vishy?"

"Them Baxters. Marse Hamp's been redressin' 'em somethin' furious. He say, 'Le's go git the—the—'" Vishy paused abruptly and blushed a pale lavender. "Anyhow, he was referrin' to Mistuh Blake. He say, 'Us ain't skeered of a millium Crawfords. Is they lookin' fo' trouble, they gwine git it.' He say, 'I'm leadin'. Now you-all foller.' An', Marse Carey, they's follerin'—tromp, tromp, tromp—jist like that, an' they all got guns."

Carey said, "You-all better get in the back of the shop. We'll stay here."

Mr. Warren spoke mildly. "Getting dark. Perhaps we'd better turn out the lights."

Some one touched the switch and the tea room became gloomy—in tone with the leaden weather outdoors. In the semilight Carey moved close to Dale.

"Chin up," he said quietly.

"I'm not afraid," she answered; "not now."

Dale stared through the plate-glass window upon a dreary frightening scene: A great square mantled in gray; an old brick Court House looming like a shadow in the gloom; huge oaks which wept upon the scene of impending tragedy. Magically, lights went out in the shops which lined the square, and on the streets there were no pedestrians.

In a moment the Court House had the appearance of a fortress, and Dale knew that inside that fortress was Chris Blake. Alone. She knew that the legally constituted powers would not protect Chris.

She saw three shadowy figures in the basement doorway of the Court House. One of them was slight and stooped, and she heard Hal Lazenby identify him as Lee Crawford. The two men with him were larger. All three carried shotguns.

AND then twoscore men debouched into Court House Square from Court Street. They moved slowly, watching their leader. They crossed the street and stood on the curb, near Angel Verner's car. They looked like shadows in the fast-gathering gloom; shadows with guns.

Dale held fast to Carey's strong hand. She said, "Oh, God, take care of Chris!"

The scene was grim and forbidding. Dale wondered why the shooting did not begin. She even asked, and Pat Warren—who stood on the other side of her—explained that things like this did not start swiftly; that there would be much discussion and bickering and oratory, and that the Baxters would be afraid, but that then some one's nerves would go jumpy and a shot would be fired.

Hamp Baxter raised his voice. His fine broad-shouldered figure looked twice its normal size in the soggy gloom. He was hatless, and he ran his left hand through his great shock of black-and-silver hair.

"That you, Lee Crawford?"

And Lee's mild, plaintive voice answered, "Yeh, I'm right here, Hamp."

"You're letting yourself in for a lot of trouble, Lee."

"Reckon so. But it seems like there ain't nothin' I can do about it."

"We've come for that damned murderer."

"Too bad, Hamp. You're goin' to be turrible disappointed."

"Better let's have him."

"No, Hamp. We ain't figgerin' to do that."

Hamp turned slowly toward his henchmen. And inside the tea room Carey released Dale's hand and stepped to the door. He listened attentively, then smiled.

"They timed it pretty close. But they're here."

"Who?"

"The Beverly Guards. Militia company from the next county. Dad phoned the governor this morning."

There was a measured tramping along Court Street and the hoarse counting of file closers: "*Hmmmmph!* Two! *Three!* Four!" "*Hmmmmph!* Two! *Three!* Four!" "*Hmmmmph!* Two—" "Close up there, men! Close up!"

The Baxters heard. The Crawfords in the Court House heard. Dale Cameron heard and felt suddenly ill.

The soldiers swung into the square—neat, trim, efficient; fixed bayonets gleaming dully under the sputtering arc lights. The company commander, a slender young man in shiny puttees and with twin silver bars on each shoulder barked commands: "Squads, right! Comp'*ny, halt!*"

Then there were more orders. The militiamen deployed about the Court House, and those in the tea room saw Hamp Baxter approach the young captain. They heard his stentorian voice:

"What the hell is this?" inquired Hamp.

"Company D. From Beverly. Governor's orders."

"We didn't ask for you. You're butting in."

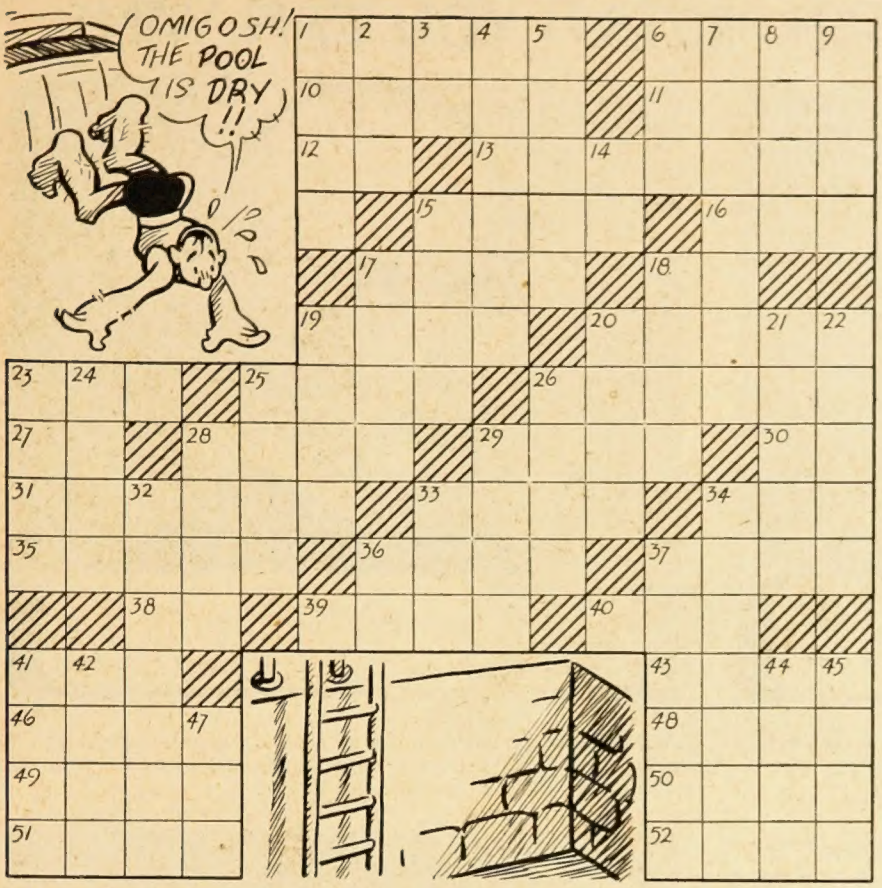
"Governor's orders. We're here to prevent trouble."

"I'm Hamp Baxter."

The captain's voice was cold. "I don't give three hoots in hell who you are. But if you're in charge of this mob, get 'em away from here. That's all!"

The militia has brought temporary safety to Chris Blake, but if Carey Marshal could have looked ahead, he might have saved himself days and nights of heartache. And Dale? In next week's installment this vivid story of the new South moves toward its stirring climax.

CROSS WORDS



After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the proverb suggested by the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

HORIZONTAL

1 Stone of rich blue
6 A spot on the skin
10 To suppose
11 Footless
12 Old Testament (abbr.)
13 Discourse
15 To yield
16 Man's nickname
17 Head coverings
18 Pronoun
19 Coops up
20 Wash lightly
23 Pronoun
25 Calamity
26 Leased
27 Printer's measure
28 Fragrant ointment
29 A drop of liquid
30 Greek letter
31 Forever
33 To spring
34 Thus (Latin)
35 East Indian peasant
36 Piece of poetry
37 Thrash
38 Rupees (abbr.)
39 Small salamander
40 Dry
41 Suffix: those who
43 An accumulation
46 Ceremony
48 A mixture
49 Day of Roman month
50 Quick, smart blows
51 To withdraw
52 In the first place

VERTICAL

1 Give heed
2 Likely
3 Mixed type
4 Inlets
5 Ripened ovules
6 Piece of coarse fabric
7 Rich
8 Knowledge
9 Paradise
14 This (French)
15 A walking stick
17 Apparatus for steering a ship
18 Entwine
19 Cronies
20 To gather a harvest
21 Brown
22 A manifesto
23 Period of time
24 Solely
25 Barks at
26 A quantity of paper
28 Clubs
29 A vegetable
32 Well twisted yarn
33 Not high
34 Earthly
36 Presiding elder (abbr.)
37 Sooner than
41 Man's name
42 To drive
44 Pinches
45 Do (poetic)
47 Suffix: pertaining to

S	E	A	L	■	C	L	A	I	M	■	C	O	M	B
T	R	U	E	■	E	A	R	L	Y	■	A	R	I	A
A	G	T	S	■	M	I	C	E	■	S	N	A	K	E
B	O	O	S	T	E	R	S	■	D	I	A	L	E	R
■	■	S	O	R	T	S	■	B	I	R	D	■	■	■
O	R	■	N	E	E	■	B	A	N	■	I	C	O	N
D	I	N	■	E	R	R	O	R	■	S	A	U	T	E
■	G	A	S	S	Y	■	■	■	T	E	N	E	T	■
T	H	E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	S	E	C
E	T	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	R	A
N	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	E	■	T
A	W	E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	L	A	C
N	O	R	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	A	C	H
T	R	I	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	T	H	E
S	M	E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	E	E	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

New Wood in Cans Makes Home Repairs Easy

Anybody can do a fine job of repairing quickly —**broken chair, loose casters, holes in wood, nicks, cracks, screw holes, loose drawer pulls,** etc.—with this canned wood that handles like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood. You can paint it, carve it—drive nails and screws into it. It's wonderful. Try it. Paint, hardware stores sell PLASTIC WOOD. 25c tube, 35c can.

NRA **PLASTIC WOOD**

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 231-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

Stops Falling Hair

Mr. D. Mallory, Geer, Va., writes:
"My hair came out in patches and I was bald in spots. I used 2 bottles of Japanese Oil. It not only stopped my hair from falling, but grew new hair on the bald areas."

JAPANESE OIL, the antiseptic counter-irritant, is used by thousands for overcoming baldness, where the hair roots are not dead, falling hair, loose dandruff and scalp itch. Price 60c. Economy size $1. All druggists. **NATIONAL REMEDY CO., 56 W. 45th St., Desk L, New York.**

What Is Wrong with Your Skin?

Read This Beauty Secret

Does your mirror show that you have a dull or blemished skin? Any pimples?

What you may need is a little calcium. Taken in the form of Stuart's Calcium Wafers you have an easy way to correct faulty elimination of the bodily wastes which cause so much complexion trouble. These little wafers also act as a stimulus to skin vigor, help to make richer, redder blood and to give the soft, rosy effect of youth. Keep the skin clean outside but also let Stuart's Calcium Wafers do their work *inside* for beauty that can never be rivalled by "makeup".

Use them for a few days and learn by experience how quickly they may bring renewed charm and brilliance to your complexion. Try them without cost. Send the coupon.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 10c *and* 60c

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

A sample package sufficient to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers will be sent you if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 10-U, Marshall, Mich.

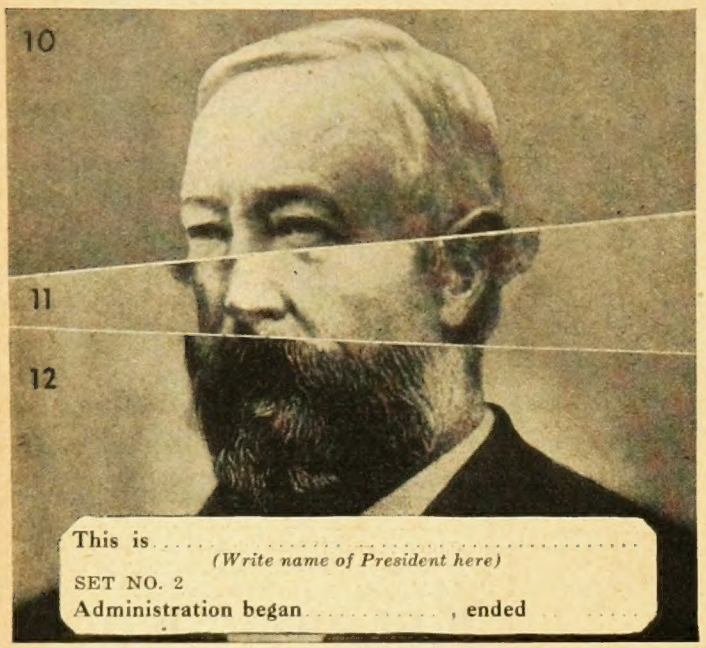
Name _____

Address _____

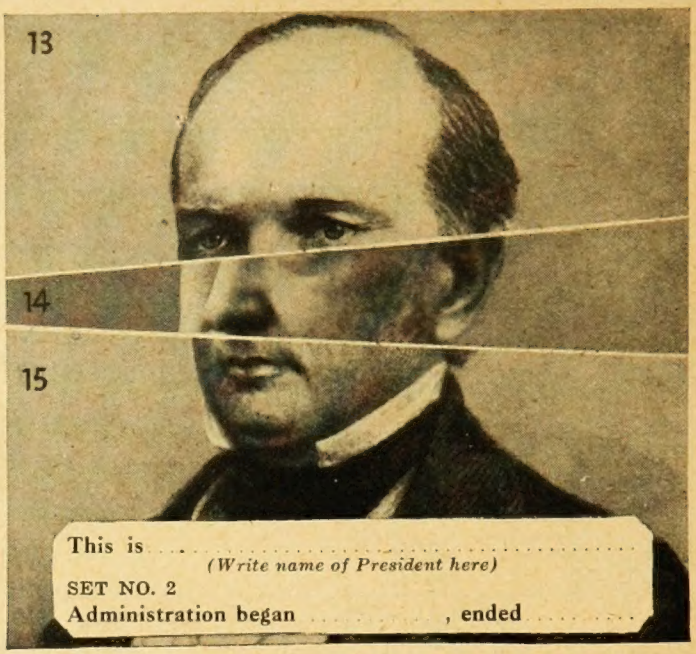
Town _____

Who Are These Presidents?

$2,500 IN BIG CASH PRIZES. YOU CAN WIN!



THE FOREHEAD *and eyes are of a United States Senator from Indiana; the nose is of a native of New York State; the mouth and chin are of an Ohio State Senator.*



THE FOREHEAD *and eyes are of an Ohio canal-boat hand; the nose is of the grandson of a President; the mouth and chin are of a New York State Comptroller.*

HERE is the second set of composite pictures of former Presidents. Unscramble them and identify them and you will be well on the way toward the prize money. What can you win? Your chance to win the $500 first prize is excellent. Or you may win $200 or $100. There are 270 other cash prizes to try for. Read the rules carefully before you begin your entry.

SEND FOR SET NO. 1

If you missed the first set of pictures last week it is not too late to get started. Simply write a note to the contest address in Rule No. 6 below. A reprint of the first set will be sent you gratis without delay. You can then solve them and be even with the field. Send right now!

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.

2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents' pictures being used.

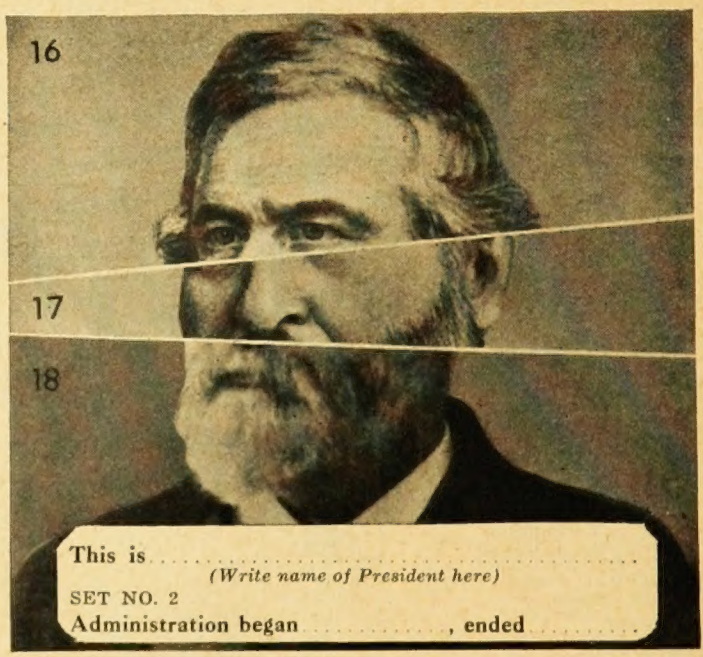
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.

6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, April 23, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.



THE FOREHEAD *and eyes are of a Buffalo school-teacher; the nose is of a graduate of Williams College; the mouth and chin are of a member of the Mississippi River Commission.*

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	$1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500

THIS IS THE SECOND SET OF THE SERIES. THE THIRD WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

Quick-Drying

A Short Short Story

By EDWIN RUTT

(Reading time: 4 minutes 35 seconds.)

"A BAG of cement!" said Mr. Salt casually.

"Quick-Drying Cement, sir?" asked the clerk.

"That will do!" said Mr. Salt almost disinterestedly.

Outside the store Martin Salt chuckled. He fancied he'd evinced little concern over the cement. Yet he had considered it very necessary to have a brand that would dry quickly.

At home he reread his cousin's letter:

I have told no one that I intend visiting you. I want to get away for a while and not be bothered by anything. So the family think I am going to New York. I hope it will be convenient to put me up.

Yours as ever,

JACKSON FARJEON.

Mr. Salt rubbed his hands. Convenient to put him up? Yes, it would be very convenient. Mr. Salt lived alone, his wants attended to by a woman who came daily and who was always gone by eight o'clock at night. Farjeon's train did not get in until nine thirty.

It seemed to Martin Salt, shivering on the station platform, that Providence was guiding his destiny. There was no one he knew here. The only person of his acquaintance who descended from it was Jackson Farjeon.

"Glad to see you, Martin," rumbled Farjeon. He surveyed his cousin critically. "You're not looking well, though."

"I—I'm feeling fine," said Salt, his face in shadow.

Facing his cousin across a glass of whisky in his own living room, however, Martin Salt's nervousness vanished.

"Martin," Jackson Farjeon was saying, "you remember that piece of land we own jointly in Montana?"

Mr. Salt nodded carelessly.

Farjeon bent forward. "Do you know anything about it?"

"Why, no!" Salt said slowly.

Farjeon drew an envelope from his pocket. "We're rich, Martin. They've found gold on that land." He handed his cousin the letter.

With well feigned incredulity Martin Salt read.

"This is astounding, Jackson! But I can't think why the company didn't notify me also, since we're joint owners."

"Probably did," said Farjeon, "and you never got the letter. You've changed your address several times in the last few years, you know."

"Yes, that's true," said Martin Salt. And he thought of his own letter, laid carefully away.

"You're sure, Jackson," he said presently, "that, now you've got a wife and family, you want to abide by that old agreement where the land goes to you if I die first, and vice versa?"

Farjeon looked at him. "Of course! I never go back on a contract."

Martin Salt reached for the whisky. "Hello, I'll have to go down cellar for another bottle." He had arranged for this, too.

He arose. "Ever seen my wine cellar, Jackson?"

"No," said Farjeon. "I'd like to."

"Very well—come along!"

At the cellar door, Salt stood aside for his guest to descend the stairs first. As he did so his hand closed over a short bright object on a shelf near the door to the cellar. And suddenly his breath came in short gusty pants and his nostrils twitched and dilated like those of some fierce animal aroused.

With savage fury he struck. Farjeon crumpled and rolled to the foot of the stairs.

Martin Salt leaped after him. One glance at that still white face told him that another blow was unnecessary.

But much remained to be done. Salt dragged the body of Farjeon into his wine cellar. In a corner of this, where the old cement had worn down, he had prepared a grave. As he tumbled the limp body into this, something slipped from Farjeon's inside pocket. It was a wallet with the name JACKSON FARJEON embossed on it in gilt letters.

Salt's eyes glittered. It was bursting with bills—and why, he thought, bury good money? He dropped the wallet on the floor and covered the body with dirt. Then he went to mix his cement.

In a very short time he had a thick layer of the greenish substance spread across Farjeon's narrow grave, entirely obliterating every trace of the body. As he smoothed it Salt smiled. Nothing out of the way in a man fixing a bad patch in his cellar floor!

SOMEWHERE outside a board creaked. Martin Salt spun around nervously. Silence once more. He bent again over his work. The light from the unshaded bulb overhead was livid.

"Gold on the land!" muttered Martin Salt. "And a disappeared man is legally dead after a certain time."

He finished his task and arose unsteadily. Before him lay a pile of unused cement about a foot high. Hm! Better spread this on too. Seal the grave tighter.

As he bent he felt suddenly faint, dizzy. Perspiration stood on his brow. His knees wabbled. His breath came quickly, unevenly. Then all at once the room seemed to spin around and a black wave roared over his brain. Martin Salt slumped forward, striking his head sharply on the old concrete. . . .

Consciousness returned. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Farjeon's wallet, the gilt letters of the name staring at him blankly. He looked at it vaguely. Fainted, eh? And God only knew how long he'd been out with this damning evidence lying here. But, thank God, he'd come to in time.

He made a sudden movement to rise. Something held him. Then his eyes swept to his hands and Martin Salt felt rather than heard that agonized scream tearing itself out of his throat.

His arms, halfway to the elbows, were imprisoned in a small dun-colored pile, a brick-hard cast that gripped relentlessly, irresistibly, like a vise.

The Quick-Drying Cement had lived up to its name.

THE END

— about Cigarettes

Of all the ways in which tobacco is used the cigarette is the mildest form

YOU know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it.

But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

Another thing—cigarettes are about the most convenient smoke. All you have to do is strike a match.

Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaccos are blended and cross-blended the right way — the cigarettes are made right — the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is

the cigarette that's
MILDER
the cigarette that
TASTES BETTER
—we ask you to try them

Chesterfield

They Satisfy

© 1934, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.